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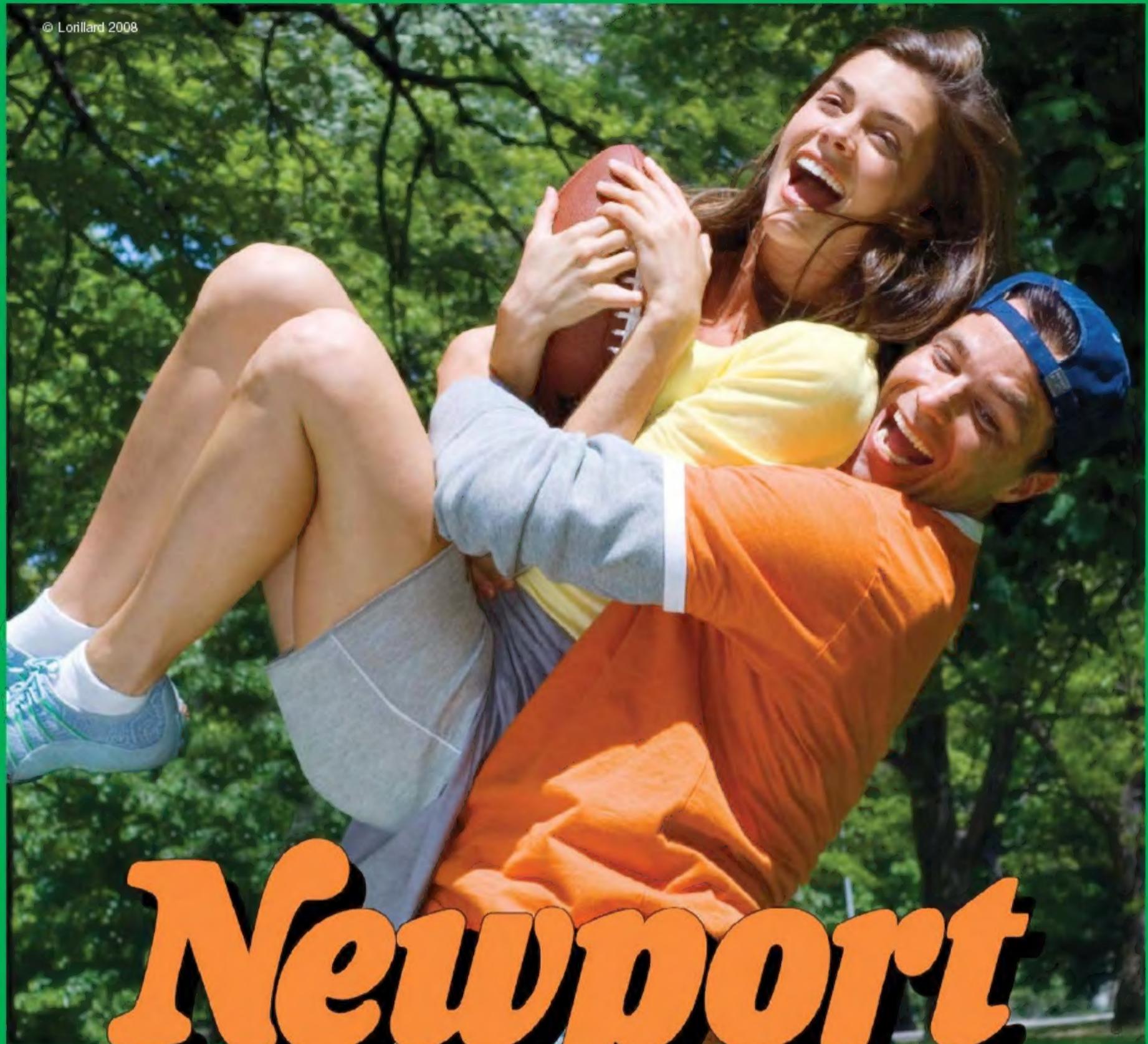


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## Double Play

When my wife, Donna, told me she was going out after work, I took advantage of the free night to relax, watch football, and have a few beers. It was about 2 A.M. when she called to say she was leaving the bar, her friend Elle was spending the night, and I should get off the couch, pick up my empty beer cans and snack bags, and clean up the living room before they arrived. I often wondered if Donna had some kind of spy cam in the house because she always seemed to know exactly what I was doing.

I'd just finished clearing the coffee table when they walked in. I like Elle, which is why I didn't mind cleaning up. My wife is beautiful, but there's something about Elle that gives me a hard-on. Donna's aware of this and teases me about it, even going so far as to suggest we have a three-way with her. I always thought she was joking, but sometimes I couldn't help

but wonder if they'd already played together one-on-one.

Donna gave me a kiss and so did Elle. Of course, my cock saluted.

"See, Elle?" Donna said, as she stroked my cock through my sweats. "Hard as a rock!"

"I thought you were kidding," Elle said, staring directly at my crotch. "May I?" she asked.

"I don't think he'd mind at all," Donna said, giving me a wicked smile.

"I'm right here!" I said, as they talked over me.

"We know, babe," she said, "but we'd rather have you in the bedroom—if that's okay with you."

They led the way and I followed, my dick pointing the way. As I watched them undress, I couldn't believe my luck. I was going to be up to my

I couldn't believe my luck. In a flash I was nose-deep between Elle's legs, lapping at her pussy.

eyeballs with ass, pussy, and tits! I quickly pulled off my clothes and hopped onto the bed.

When the girls joined me, I looked from one to the other...until Donna told me that guests always come first. In a flash I was nose-deep between Elle's legs, lapping at her pussy.

When Donna asked if I liked the way Elle tasted, I said, "Why don't you see for yourself what she tastes like?" Nudging me aside, she dove right in—like she'd been there before. Well, it was new to me, but I play well with others. I moved behind Donna and drove my cock into her. I couldn't see what she was doing, but the look of ecstasy on Elle's face was undeniable.

A few minutes later, I shot a big load of cream deep inside Donna's snatch at the same moment Elle cried out and creamed her face.

Donna and Elle switched positions, and as Elle plunged her fingers in and out of Donna's cunt, I knelt next to Donna and let her take my cock into her mouth. Once she'd sucked me hard, the girls got into a sixty-nine with Donna on top. Donna always liked to have her cake and eat it too, so I buried my cock in her from behind while she tongued Elle's cunt. Thinking I'd died and landed in a porno, I had every intention of fucking Donna for as long as I could, but when I felt Elle's tongue and fingers on my balls, I couldn't hold back any longer. The orgasm shot through me like a bullet, and I exploded in Donna's juicy hole.

We kept at it until the bed was a wreck and all three of us were spent and sweaty enough to need a shower. The shower should have been the closer, but we had such a hilarious water fight that we ended up back in bed afterward, and the sex continued throughout the weekend, with periodic breaks for food.

Now, Elle stays over a couple of times a month, and we're planning to take a cruise together. I can't wait to see the reactions of the other passengers when they realize we're all together. It's going to be quite a trip.—O.D., Minnesota

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## BETTER LATE THAN NEVER

Last month, I treated myself to a mini vacation in the Caribbean. The first night, I had a good time with Jack, a guy I'd met in the hotel bar. He was single, gorgeous, and, like me, traveling solo. We drank rum punch, listened to steel-pan music, and danced until the place closed. He was attentive and engaging, and I assumed we'd end up in bed. But when he walked me to my room, all I got was a kiss and an "I'll see you around."

The next morning, I headed for the pool. I had the place to myself since everyone else was taking a tour of the island. I'd just started putting on some sunscreen when Jack walked into the pool area and waved. I gave him a nod and he took that as an invitation to come over and sit on my chair. He asked me how I was and if I'd slept well. I told him I'd slept just fine as I wished he'd go away.

The truth was, he was the reason I was up so early. I'd been horny when he'd brought me back to my room. Then I'd tossed and turned wondering if I'd misread him. And now I was just pissed off.

Then Jack took the lotion from me and started doing my back and shoulders, telling me he could get to all the hard-to-reach places. Where was he last night when all my hard-to-reach places would have been at his

disposal? But his large hands started to feel good on me, and I couldn't stay mad. He moved closer and slipped the straps of my top off my shoulders, saying, "So they won't get in the way."

"Mmm," I said, as Jack liberated my breasts and rubbed lotion over my tits. He rolled my nipples between slippery fingers and I moaned. One hand slid between my thighs and cupped my mound. I pushed against his hand and felt his erection behind me. Curious to see if he looked as big as he felt, I turned toward him and helped him pull down his swim trunks.

His cock was massive, and it called to me. I stroked his dick and it grew even larger. I leaned down and swirled my tongue around the head as I continued stroking him. He moaned, and I took more of him into my mouth, sucking him in deep. He rubbed my shoulders as my head bobbed up and down. Then, groaning, he pulled me up and kissed me soundly before pulling off my bottoms and helping me straddle him.

I couldn't wait to fuck him, but I also

felt the need to get back at him. With my hands on his shoulders, I rubbed my slick pussy teasingly along his cock, feeling him glide back and forth. And I kept up the sweet torment until I heard him beg for it. Only then did I take his entire length inside me. Then I kissed his lips, his chin, and the pulsing vein in his neck. It was so worth the wait. Jack's cock felt enormous inside me, but in a good way. I rode him slowly at first, getting accustomed to his size as he licked my nipples.

Gradually I picked up speed, pushing Jack until he cupped my ass cheeks and pumped into me as I rode him with abandon. Our movements became tighter and more in sync as we raced toward a fierce climax, and when I reached down to grab his balls, Jack rubbed my clit. I came as Jack's hips jerked uncontrollably and he pulled me down hard on his cock.

We stayed entwined in each other's arms, breathing heavily, until I felt him slip out of me. Five minutes later, I adjusted my swimsuit, gathered my stuff, and headed for my room.

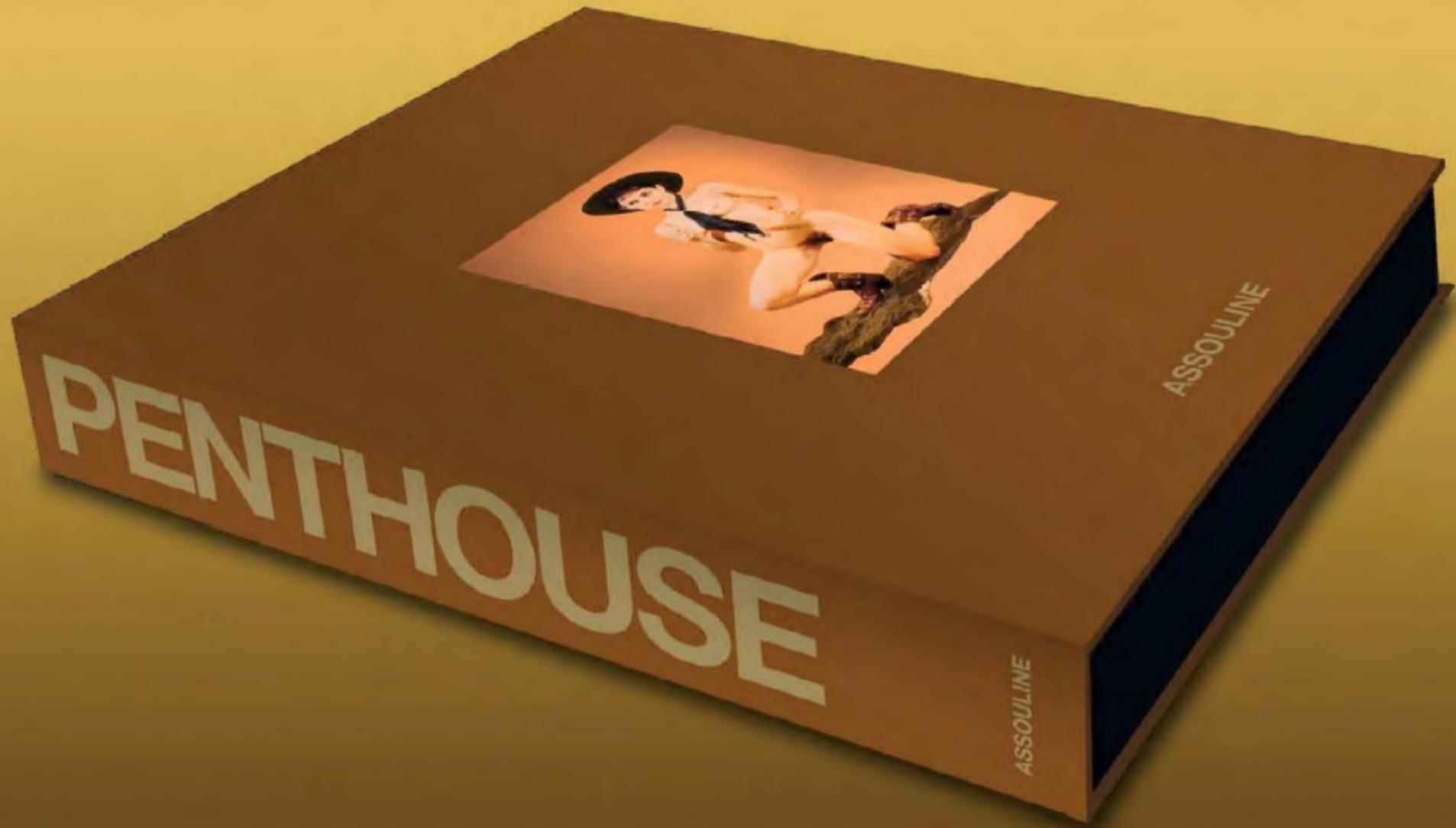
"Where are you going?" Jack asked, looking perplexed.

"To tell you the truth, Jack, I didn't sleep very well last night," I said, smiling. "I think I need to go back to bed." I didn't need to have eyes in the back of my head to know that Jack was right on my tail.—P.D., Wisconsin

*More letters on page 140*

I kept up the sweet torment until I heard him beg for it. Only then did I take his entire length inside me.

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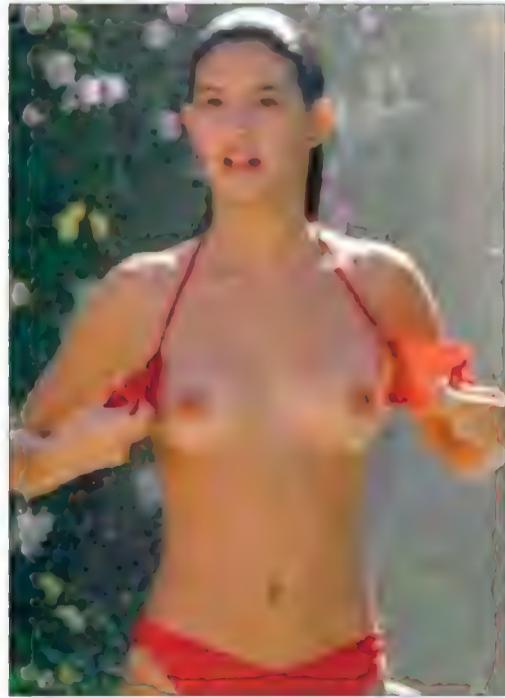
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## SCHOOL LAYS THE TEN BEST RAUNCHY COMEDIES ON CAMPUS

Feel a slight chill in the air? Better stock up on notebooks and No. 2 pencils, update that Facebook profile, and revisit the sexiest, most morally barren class-cutting flicks we could cram on three pages. So here's your remedial course on filthy adolescent fantasies. You will be graded on this material.

By Joshua Rothkopf

### FAST TIMES AT RIDGEMONT HIGH (1982)

She gleefully sheds a red bikini and corrupts the girl next door with blowjob lessons. For these reasons and more, we'll always treasure Phoebe Cates, crystallized at the peak of perfection in a role she never had to top.

Cameron Crowe's hilarious script makes this high-school comedy our valedictorian—and its cast of future Oscar winners is ridiculously gifted. But here's your takeaway: The Phoebe pool fantasy that will never be beat. Easily the best deployment of slo-mo technology since the debut of *NFL Films*.

# FullFrontal FLICKS

## ANIMAL HOUSE

Some might call it ballsy not to have this at No. 1—others might just call it dumb. Watching *Animal House* for the first time is much like its funniest gag: A college boy looks out his bedroom window. A coed in a bunny costume has just randomly fallen through it. "Thank you, God," he says.



## PRIVATE SCHOOL

(1984)

More Phoebe Cates-based bliss. Also, you'll want to build your own shrine to the gravity-defiant Betsy Russell, whose body we would happily rub even if we were forced to wear drag—like dorm invader Matthew Modine.



## AMERICAN PIE

(1999)

The delightfully rude, pastry-abusing neoclassic needs to be saved on every respectable DVR. We place it high not only because it's a well-acted coming-of-age story, but also because it supplies one of the all-time-hottest topless Webcam scenes, courtesy of Shannon Elizabeth.



## MY TUTOR

(1983)

It's painfully bad in many scenes, and even features the ex-Mr. Olivia Newton-John. But as sex-ed fantasies go, this flick is peerless, thanks to the lissome Caren Kaye as the ultimate French teacher. *My Tutor* might single-handedly be responsible for the rise in cable-box descrambling.

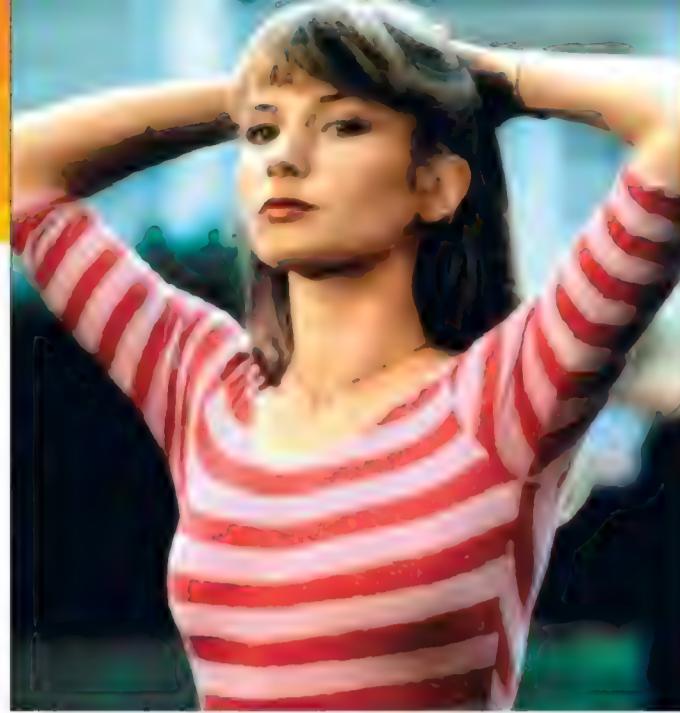


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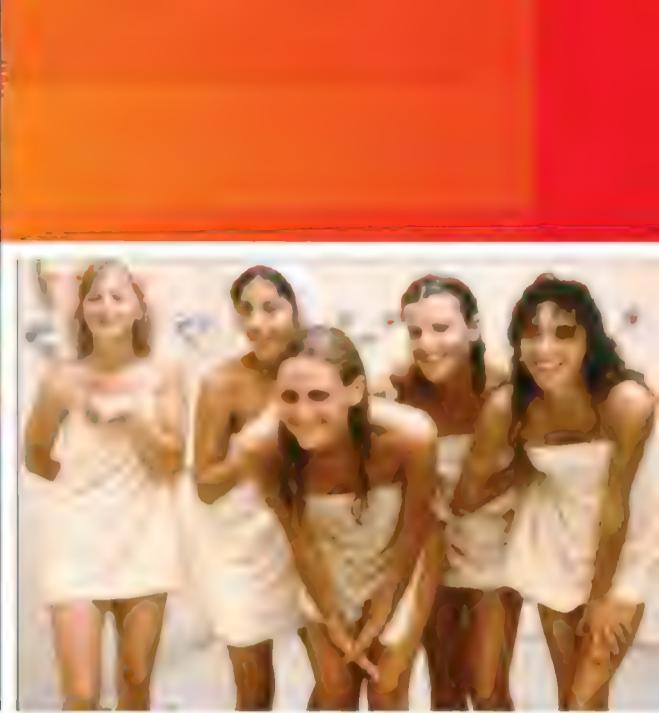
## 6 OLD SCHOOL (2003)

This return-to-campus romp is the Rosetta stone of frat-pack shenanigans. Shouty Will Ferrell drunkenness, abundant nudity, painful stunts involving cinder blocks: Call it an evening's entertainment.



### RISKY BUSINESS (1983)

The film holds up phenomenally as an anxiety dream (complete with Princeton interview)—and we wish Tom Cruise had remained this uncreepy. But there's only one reason we consider this movie essential—Rebecca De Mornay. We'll never ride Chicago's L the same way again.



### PORKY'S (1982)

You know we're crafting a serious list when such a beloved comedy doesn't even crack the top five. Of course we salute Bob Clark's 1950s-era high-school romp. But can you really call it sexy? Well, a howling Kim Cattrall (immortalized as "Lassie") goes a long way, as does the shower-peeping scene. Yes, you can!



### REVENGE OF THE NERDS (1984)

"Jocks only think about sports; nerds only think about sex," declares a brainiac clutching his hard-earned cheerleader, and it's hard to deny his logic. The victory is ours, too. Let's not forget the cameras hidden in the sorority house. (Is it even possible to forget them?)

A vixenish older woman—the volcanically hot Jacqueline Bisset—takes pity on our hero in a physical way. Cougar, be free tonight.



### 10 CLASS (1983)

This one pulls up the rear, for the simple reason that the prep-school pseudo comedy is more for Andrew McCarthy fans (they do exist) than red-blooded American males. But hello, who's this? A vixenish older woman—the volcanically hot Jacqueline Bisset—takes pity on our hero in a physical way. Cougar, be free tonight.

# FullFrontal FLICKS

PREVIEWS // BY JOSHUA ROTHKOPE



## BURN AFTER READING

George Clooney, Brad Pitt, Tilda Swinton, John Malkovich

If the Coen brothers went heavier for their follow-up to the ultra intense *No Country for Old Men*, a hole would open beneath them. Geologists have said so. As a result, it's back to comedy for the sibs—but, blissfully, not the "comedy" of the aggressively annoying *The Ladykillers*. Rather, it's closer to the sharply satiric *Fargo*. Their new film sports the kind of cast that could conceivably populate an *Ocean's* caper: Clooney, Pitt, Oscar-winner Swinton, Malkovich, and perennial Coen favorite (and wife of brother Joel) Frances McDormand. The plot, as usual for their original scripts, remains somewhat secret; we know it has something to do with the explosive memoir of a drunkie ex-CIA agent (Malkovich), which accidentally falls into the sweaty paws of a gym trainer and his boss (Pitt and McDormand), who attempt some good ol' American blackmail.



## BLINDNESS

Mark Ruffalo, Julianne Moore

This year's Cannes Film Festival's opening-night effort, *Blindness*, shrouded the event in dark, atmospheric gloom. A dystopic sci-fi nightmare much like *Children of Men*, it comes from José Saramago's 1995 novel about a future in which human vision begins to fail in an unexplained mass epidemic. A doctor (Ruffalo) finds his sight faded to white, while his wife (Moore) is the only person to remain

fully immune. They flee from medical quarantine, struggling to survive in a society that falls into anarchy. Metaphor alert: Might we all be a little "blind" these days? Discuss. Director Fernando Meirelles (*City of God*) keeps things fresh and propulsive, even if we're still in the midst of an artsy brooder of a movie.



## ASSASSINATION OF A HIGH SCHOOL PRESIDENT

Mischa Barton, Bruce Willis, Reece Thompson

On-screen teens sleuthing has certainly made a comeback in recent years, with *Brick*, *Disturbia*, and TV's *Veronica Mars* all turning everyday loners into Sam Spades with better haircuts. Add to the trend this twisty thriller, not as hard-boiled as *Brick* but a lot more fun—especially for fans of such noirs as *Double Indemnity* who appreciate a little comedy with their world-weary voice-over. The speaker is geeky newshound Bobby Funke, who, in exposing his school's top athlete and student-council prez as a possible SAT thief, may have unwittingly done dirty work for shady higher powers. Ultimately closer in spirit to John Hughes than John Huston, the flick features Barton as the inevitable hot helper-chick and Willis as (gulp) the school's headmaster.

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# FullFrontal FLICKS



## RIGHTEOUS KILL

Al Pacino, Robert De Niro, 50 Cent

Some simple math here: Pacino + De Niro + guns = awesome. That's the kind of equation we understand. But other factors make this tale of two New York City detectives a nerve-racking proposition. First, the director is not Michael Mann, whose *Heat* put these two legendary actors together for the first time. Rather, it's Jon Avnet, whose *88 Minutes* pitted audiences against the legendary impulse to sleep. Then again, the supporting cast is deep with talent: Brian Dennehy, John Leguizamo, and the luscious Carla Gugino. Back in the con column, a prominent rapper is involved—50 Cent, who hasn't exactly burned up the silver screen with his presence. All in all, we're hoping *Righteous* is righteous—but it's a calculated risk.

We're hoping *Righteous Kill* is righteous—but it's a calculated risk.



## LAKEVIEW TERRACE

Samuel L. Jackson, Patrick Wilson, Kerry Washington God love him, but it's unlikely that Samuel L. Jackson is ever going to stop SHOUTING EVERYTHING HE SAYS. So let's tip our hat to the shrewd move of his casting director, who envisioned Jackson as the menacing, over-the-top villain in this Valley-set domestic thriller (rather than, say, a menacing, over-the-top hero on a plane full of snakes). In *Lakeview Terrace*, Jackson plays Abel Turner, a cracked LAPD cop who notices that his new neighbors are yuppies—and interracially married. All manner of harassment ensues. We're psyched to see Jackson tear into a role that has the grandeur his persona requires. This could be the sleeper hit of the fall. Or it could just be a REALLY GOOD TIME. DAMN.



## HOTCASTING!

### VICKY CRISTINA BARCELONA

#### Review

Sensible, engaged Vicky (Rebecca Hall) and capricious, single Cristina (Scarlett Johansson) are American friends summering in Spain. They encounter passionate artist José Antonio (Javier Bardem) and his force-of-nature ex-lover María Elena (Penélope Cruz, terrifically unhinged). In time, José Antonio woos them all to his bed in this delightfully steamy film directed by ... Woody Allen? Believe it! As unlikely as it might sound, the Woodman cometh with a completely enjoyable sex comedy, clearly inspired by the breezy, impulsive attitudes of the title location—and unlike any movie he's made in years. The extended darkroom make-out session between Cruz and Johansson has already sent



gossip sites to DEFCON 4; the three-way relationship their characters plunge into with Bardem is the hottest idea of the summer. It's almost completely free of neurotic whining, and fresh and casually amusing. Has Woody actually wrestled the erotic adventure genre away from Pedro Almodóvar? Probably not, but you really should go see for yourself.—J.R.



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QA BY ED CONDRAN



## Gym Dandy

We interrupt Gym Class Heroes vocalist Travis McCoy's lunch for a discussion of the many wonders of Hall & Oates. (Really.)

When it comes to the Hall & Oates back catalog, Gym Class Heroes lead singer Travis McCoy actually can go for that. Thanks to his parents, he grew up listening to the former Top 10 crooners and has since developed a deep appreciation for their smooth-as-Velveeta vocal stylings. So what happened next is sort of amazing: In the process of making GCH's latest record, *The Quilt*, McCoy went through rehab for addiction to painkillers, gave up (for now) on rap, and—yes!—duetted with the Hall half of the nineties soft-soul machine. Who says adult-contemporary dreams can't come true?

Hey, so what are you up to? Taking a break from videogames while stuffing my face with Subway.

Oh, we get it—you're eating a hero! Which sandwich? Tuna; I'm crazy about tuna.

"People grab you and say, 'Take a picture with me.' I hate being touched. That freaks me out."

Well, it is delicious. Anyway, on this album we noticed you're singing instead of rapping. I owe Daryl Hall for that. He's been my vocal coach since before he ever knew me. But when I did a Live at Daryl session at his house, he told me I was going to sing lead [on Hall & Oates tracks]. I almost shit my pants. Daryl showed me how to get down. So on this record I went balls out and sang. Part of me wanted to throw in an eight-bar rap but I was like, fuck it, just sing it. I'll be a hip-hop head until the apocalypse, but rapping is kind of boring after a while. I'll take Philly soul over that. Those Gamble and Huff



songs are the greatest. I love Teddy Pendergrass, Harold Melvin and the Blue Notes. Those guys could sing their asses off.

**Is it weird being friends with Daryl Hall?**

I still have to pinch myself. The simple fact that I had the opportunity to be in the presence of that guy is amazing. I've been a fan of his since I was a little kid. No one is cooler than Daryl Hall. For me, Hall & Oates's music will outlast grunge and even hip-hop. Hip-hop is stagnant right now.

Probably good you're singing then. And you manage to do that with conviction, which is something many of your peers can't do.

It's a cookie-cutter industry. If they can't hit those notes, they roll out the auto-tune to get the job done, and that sucks. A lot of recording artists can't sing their songs with conviction because half the time they haven't written the song.

**Aside from musicians, who was your biggest influence growing up?**

My dad. He was a bodybuilder who worked out in the attic where my toys were. He would listen to Hall & Oates when he worked out. We bonded

over the 'hood movies. I remember watching New Jack City and my heart was racing. I was like, Holy shit, there are drug dealers and people are getting killed!

**What does your dad think of you connecting with Hall?**

He said, "Tell him who turned you on to his shit." My dad and my mom listened to everything when I was growing up. My mom was into Teena Marie and Poison. And right around that time was Public Enemy.

**With the help of Pete Wentz, you guys blew up pretty quickly. How are you handling the fame? Hookers, blow, the usual?**

It's not easy. I have anxiety. I can't be as social as I was when we were playing 200-capacity clubs. I don't know when I'm going to have an anxiety attack and spaz out and knockout a 15-year-old girl. It's tough in New York, since people are so ruthless. They'll grab you and say, "You're taking a picture with me." I hate being touched. That freaks me out. I might look like the typical rock-star asshole, and that puts me in a bad position.

**For the next record, who would be your dream collaborator?**

Maybe if I perform with Prince I can croak happily. But I don't even think Prince can top Daryl for me.



I look at rap as my superpower. If I'm going to have to save the world, then I'm going to have to save the world with rap."

## Sound Advice

Life lessons from Lil Wayne

**1** If it is your desire to save the world, be sure to have a superpower.

"I look at rap as my superpower. If I'm going to have to save the world, then I'm going to have to save the world with rap. I have to make rap that important."

**2** Make friends with Kanye West.

"He's one of those mad geniuses, like a *Beautiful Mind* type. He could sit all day with a gang of papers and write and tell you ideas. I'm a follower, not a fan."

**3** Understand what size chain is appropriate for a man of your stature.

"Busta Rhymes could probably [rock a bigger chain] because his neck is bigger. I

saw Busta before with a trillion chains on, and all of them were bigger than my face."

**4** Use your words.

"Bun B taught me that you don't just say things your homies think are cool. He gave me better wordplay. He showed me how to put words together and use words I probably would never have thought to use."

**5** If you indeed suck, that will become evident in due time.

"Make your own little mix tape and put it out in the streets. Don't try to force anybody to hear it. If you've got something good, it'll pop. If nothing happens for you, that means you ain't good." —Rebecca Swanner

# FullFrontal SOUNDS

REVIEWS BY ANDY GREENWALD

## MAINSTAGE

### Dark Side of Des Moines

More than a decade after their full-throttle debut, corn-fed metalheads Slipknot continue to rant with the best of them.



In the early days of the twenty-first century, Iowa was best known for being the home to *Field of Dreams*, presidential caucuses, and Slipknot. For much of the aughts, the clown-mask-wearing, pseudonym-using, madly bellowing Midwestern ninesome has ruled the hard-rock scene with a heavy metal fist—surviving rap-rock, screamo, and all trends in between. *All Hope Is Gone*, the group's fourth album, is a relentlessly brutal aural assault on which frontman Corey Taylor goes from barking about American imperialism over insane, machine-gunning percussion to singing an ominous chorus on a radio-ready rocker. Also part of the mix are "Dead Memories" and the acoustic "Snuff," which feel more like outtakes

from Taylor's sensitive side project, Stone Sour.

Despite these occasional soft touches, the album, packed full of frequent references to dead soldiers and exploding cities, is one of the darkest you're likely to hear in 2008. But what were you expecting on an album with that title. Menudo covers?

Frontman Corey Taylor goes from barking about American imperialism over insane percussion to singing an ominous chorus on a radio-ready rocker.



#### SLIPKNOT

*All Hope Is Gone*  
(Roadrunner)

★★★

Penthouse Pick:  
"Dead Memories"

#### A BRIEF DISCOGRAPHY

##### Slipknot

*Roadrunner* (1999)

If the "wacky" outfits on the cover of this debut made you think Insane Clown Posse, think again: One listen to this chaotic sonic free-for-all and you were cowering in the corner.

Penthouse Pick: "Spit It Out"

##### Iowa

*Roadrunner* (2001)

Actually less accessible than its punishing predecessor; the guitars blaze and Taylor attacks his own failings with the lyrical grace of a sledgehammer.

Penthouse Pick:  
"People = Shit"

##### Vol. 3

*(The Subliminal Verses)*  
(2004)

With the help of super-producer Rick Rubin, the band cut some of the theatrical elements from their act. The result was a lean, incredibly mean metal classic.

Penthouse Pick: "Duality"



**BRIAN WILSON**  
*That Lucky Old Sun*  
(Capitol)

★★★

**Sound Check:** The 66-year-old former Beach Boy returns with his first major work since triumphantly resurrecting his star-crossed *Smile* four years ago.

**Amplification:** Wilson plays with intricate pop arrangements like a hyperactive child with a LEGO set. He sounds positively reborn on this delightful love letter to sunny, surreal Southern California.

**Last Note:** With its dizzying 18 tracks sliding in at just under 40 minutes, *Sun* is an instant antidote for the rainy-day blues. Not that those exist in Los Angeles.

**Penthouse Pick:** "Forever She'll Be My Surfer Girl"



**UH HUH HER**  
*Common Reaction*  
(Nettwerk)

★★★

**Sound Check:** Though they're named after P. J. Harvey's challenging 2004 album, Uh Huh Her is a listener-friendly Hollywood electropop duo consisting of multi-instrumentalist Camila Grey and *L Word* actress Leisha Hailey.

**Amplification:** *Common Reaction's* 11 songs put an emphasis on the swirly and swoony, making fulluse of Hailey's breathy purr.

The desperately romantic "Say So" is the sort of intensely catchy single that can make a band—or damn them to a lifetime of trying to follow it up.

**Last Note:** Grey calls Hailey "Number One," as in her placement in lesbian-centric website AfterEllen's list of the world's sexiest women. So there's that.

**Penthouse Pick:** "Say So"



**JAMES**



**JAMES**  
*Hey Ma*  
(Mercury)

★★★

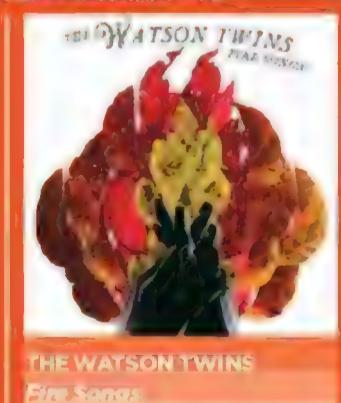
**Sound Check:** These aging, earnest Englishmen are best known stateside for their nineties single "Laid." Back home they have enjoyed a long, up-and-down career of engaging, jammy, often trumpet-laced Britpop.

**Amplification:** The band reunited and joined Brian Eno for their first album in seven years. Eno toned down singer Tim Booth's hippie tendencies and played up the group's melodic warmth. "Whiteboy" is an exhilarating anticorporate jeremiad, and the title track movingly mourns the casualties of war.

**Last Note:** The sometimes overly serious Booth must be mellowing with age: "My mirror's laughing at me / Saying 'boy, you're looking old!'" he sings on "Waterfall."

**Penthouse Pick:** "Waterfall"

**NEXT BIG THING**



**THE WATSON TWINS**

*Fire Songs*

Bandnames rarely reflect any manifest realities about their members, but that's certainly not the case here:

This duo features statuesque identical twins Chandra and Leigh Watson. They're the pair who sang backup for Rilo Kiley's Jenny Lewis on her eminently hummable 2006 solo disc, *Rabbit Fur Coat*. Lewis returns the favor on the Twins's sultry, sensual debut. With its blend of drowsy folk and dreamy covers (including the Cure classic "Just Like Heaven"), *Fire Songs* is a winning amalgam of the Watsons's two homes: their blue-collar and bucolic native Kentucky and the sexy, hipster heavy L.A.



# FullFrontal JOYSTICK

REVIEWS // BY REBECCA SWANNER



GAME OF THE MONTH

## Legendary

(Gamecock) Xbox 360, PS3 ★★★★

**F**ollowing orders might work for some people—hello, Katie Holmes!—but it can lead to trouble. Take this game's protagonist, for instance: He unwittingly opened Pandora's box and unleashed its horrific creatures unto the world. Way to go, butterfingers.

**Rocks:** We've fought werewolves, griffons, and Minotaurs before, but whether it's because the game is a breathless first-person shooter or because the beasts are given center

stage, this feels fresh. New renditions of mythic mind fucks, such as the firedrake and the golem, are still messing with our heads.

**Flops:** More creatures, please! Also, shooting werewolves in the head to finish them off is great and all, but is it asking too much to want their heads to explode instead of vaporize? Jeez.

New renditions of mythic mind fucks, such as the firedrake and the golem, are still messing with our heads.



**REVIEWS**

★★★

**AMERICAN MCGEE'S GRIMM  
(GameTap) PC**

*Little Red Riding Hood. Beauty and the Beast. Cinderella.* C'mon, who doesn't love a good fairy tale? But what about *Godfather Death?* Or *The Girl Without Hands?* Recently, GameTap started rolling out the first of 24 creepy episodic games based on these twisted tales.

**Rocks:** A visual style similar to that of Tim Burton's animated *The Corpse Bride*; playing as a mightily ticked-off troll; returning these sanitized stories to their dark and creepy roots.

**Flops:** None of the games are very long—about a half hour apiece—so there's not much actual gaming.



★★★★★

**SPORE  
(EA) PC, Mac**

This groundbreaking and highly anticipated massive single-player game from *SimCity* creator Will Wright begins in the Cell stage, where you get to use one of many editors to create a creature that you will take through the next four stages—Creature, Tribal, Civilization, and Space.

**Rocks:** *Spore* is among the most addictively replayable games we've come across; though it's a single-player, you will interact with other *Spore*-masters whose creations have been downloaded from the server.

**Flops:** You will never finish this game. No, really. There are four billion planets to explore, so, like, do the math.

**PREVIEWS****MERCENARIES 2:  
WORLD IN FLAMES**

(EA)

**Xbox 360, PS3**

Dogames imitate life? There's an ongoing oil crisis here, but your mercenary doesn't care ... unless it'll get him more cash. You'll team up with any of the six factions fighting over the Texas tea.

**Rocks:** Any game that irks a real government has got to be interesting. This has upset the Venezuelan government because they believe it could inspire an invasion to overthrow Hugo Chávez. There's also nonstop humor, a vivid and diverse range of weaponry, and stellar air strikes.

**Flops:** No matter how many barrels of oil you score, you won't get any love at the real pump. The game itself has very few problems.

**LEGO BATMAN****(Warner Bros. Interactive)****Xbox 360, PS3, Wii, PC, PS2, PSP, DS**

Original ideas in gaming are good, but any LEGO-based game makes us happy for hours. In this installment, Gotham City is populated by tiny heroes and villains whose heads really do just pop off.

**Rocks:** You can play as Batman, but you can also control Robin, Catwoman, and the Joker, each with their own abilities: exploring a LEGO Batcave; not stepping on sharp edges in the middle of the night on the way to the fridge.

**Flops:** The LEGO games (*Star Wars, Indiana Jones*) have been fun for anyone with interest in the franchises, but they're a bit too easy for hard-core gamers.

**MADDEN NFL 09**

(EA)

**Xbox 360, PS3, Wii,****PS2, PSP, DS**

Here it is, the Big Kahuna of football videogames, and the only one that works hand-in-hand with the NFL. So if it's an authentic experience you want (one not as off-the-wall as *Blitz*), this baby is for you.

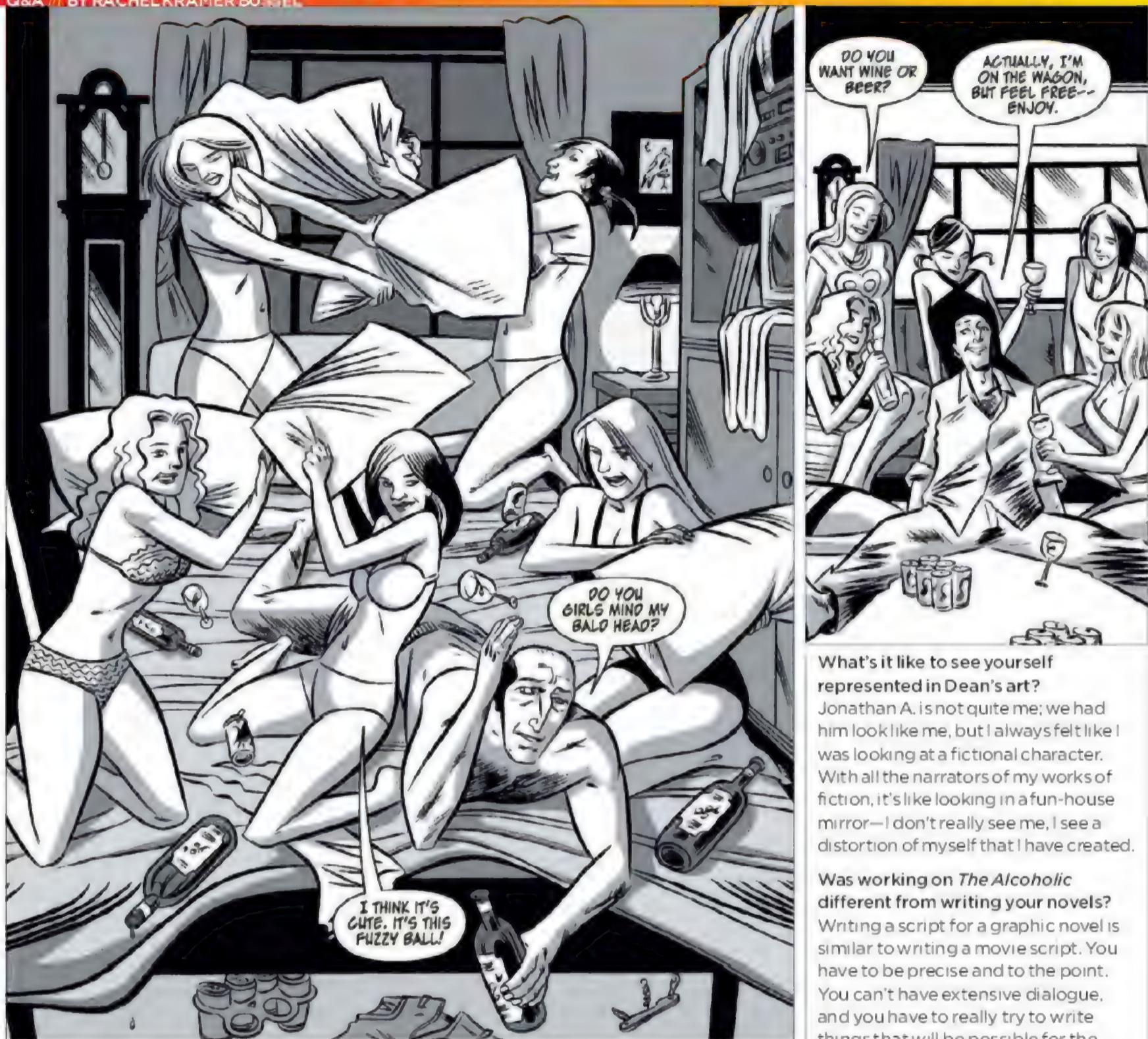
**Rocks:** A new online fantasy mode; the chance to play through classic moments of the 2007 season. Plus, the game's artificial intelligence will adapt to your skill level, so whether you're a rookie or a pro, you'll face stiff competition.

**Flops:** The ability to rewind is still there, which is great if you're a newbie, but it's bound to piss off everyone else.



# FullFrontal READS

Q&A // BY RACHEL KRAMER BURTEL



## Bottoms Up!

Wit, humor, and self-knowledge enliven a story that could be a real downer.

The *Alcoholic* is a largely autobiographical graphic novel by well-known author Jonathan Ames and illustrated by Dean Haspiel (DC Comics). In the book, Jonathan A. loses a best friend and a lover thanks to a drinking problem that quickly escalates as he gets into various scrapes, including an impromptu sleepover with students at the all-girl college where he teaches.

What made you decide to write a graphic novel?

About seven years ago, Dean Haspiel and I became friends. He suggested that we collaborate, and a few years later I got the idea for a six-part adult comic about an alcoholic on a bender. Each issue would end with a cliff-hanger—what will happen to this crazy alcoholic next? So we pitched this idea to DC Comics, and they suggested I take the concept—of an alcoholic on a bender—and make a graphic novel out of it, and so that's what I did.

What's it like to see yourself represented in Dean's art?

Jonathan A. is not quite me; we had him look like me, but I always felt like I was looking at a fictional character. With all the narrators of my works of fiction, it's like looking in a fun-house mirror—I don't really see me, I see a distortion of myself that I have created.

Was working on *The Alcoholic* different from writing your novels?

Writing a script for a graphic novel is similar to writing a movie script. You have to be precise and to the point. You can't have extensive dialogue, and you have to really try to write things that will be possible for the artist to draw. Also, you have to pace the story, always keeping in mind the number of panels on each page.

How much of the book is autobiographical?

Emotionally, the whole thing is autobiographical. All the feelings represented are feelings I've had or could imagine having. If I did change things, it was so the element could fit into the story, because an exact recording of real life is so complicated that it's impossible to achieve. You simplify or increase the drama; you alter it to entertain. It's a story, not a diary. I think it was Eudora Welty who



"It's like looking in a fun-house mirror.... I see a distortion of myself that I've created."

said something like there are only three stories in the world and we all keep telling them over and over. I'm wrecking the quote, but that applies to the individual as well—we have a few stories that we keep reshaping.

At one point, you wake up naked in a garbage can, but you keep returning to drugs and drinking. Was that your lowest moment?

Well, it's one of the character's lowest moments; I've had moments that were similar or lower.

You exhibit an ability to laugh at yourself throughout the book, such as passing out a drawing of your balding pattern at a reading, but there's also a darkness pervading the story. Do the two—humor and melancholy—coexist for you? My character, like myself, is self-deprecating. I think humor comes up when you can't take the melancholy anymore. It's when you try to fight the melancholy. The melancholy will always come back, like a good persistent fog, but you can beat it back for a little while with humor, by laughing at the sadness and absurdity of life, before giving back over to it.

## REVIEWS

### SALVATION BOULEVARD

LARRY BEINHART

NATION BOOKS



#### SALVATION BOULEVARD

By Larry Beinhart

(Nation Books)

Beinhart's rollicking, satiric novel *American Hero* became the hit movie *Wag the Dog*, which in turn became shorthand for political deception and duplicity. Now he's back with an old-fashioned mystery story—with a typical burned-out private investigator as its hero—that quickly becomes a very atypical witches' brew of sex, religion, hypocrisy, and devil in which the war on terror is cynically manipulated to subvert America's basic values. If, at first, this engrossing thriller seems to be a bit over the top, a quick check of the day's news will make you think again.

—Peter Bloch

Author of  
WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH KANSAS?

### THOMAS FRANK

### THE WRECKING CREW

HOW CONSERVATIVES RULE

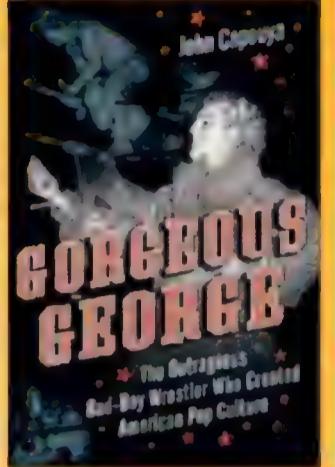
#### THE WRECKING CREW:

How Conservatives Rule

By Thomas Frank

(Metropolitan Books)

Frank's surprise best-seller *What's the Matter With Kansas?* was an unusually perceptive political analysis when too much of our national discussion is whipped up by the likes of Michael Moore and Ann Coulter. From the title of his newest book, you might think that Frank has joined that mindless fray, but—once again—he has resisted easy partisanship with an in-depth investigation of how too many "conservatives" betray core conservative values when they achieve overwhelming political and financial power. Frank—a true conservative himself—mourns "the middle-class nation that we have left behind" and shows how difficult it will be to rebuild that America.—P.B.



#### GORGEOUS GEORGE:

The Outrageous Bad-Boy Wrestler Who Created American Pop Culture

By John Capouya

(Harpers Entertainment)

In almost every way, George Wagner, who died in 1963, was an absurd figure when he strutted into the wrestling ring. Overweight, wearing pink satin and silver lame, with ridiculous dyed-blond curls, "Gorgeous George" became an unlikely early TV star, probably because audiences were eager to see him beaten to a pulp. But, in Capouya's compulsively entertaining biography, George's garish creepiness ultimately triumphs by inspiring such real stars as James Brown, Bob Dylan, and Muhammad Ali to spice up their genuine talent with flamboyant outrageousness.

—P.B.

### ROCK AND ROLL CAGE MATCH

Edited by Sean Manning  
Three Rivers Press

#### ROCK AND ROLL CAGE

MATCH: Music's Greatest

Rivalries Decided

Edited by Sean Manning

(Three Rivers Press)

This is not just a music fan's book, but a music geek's. This essay collection is for the people who spend hours hanging out in their local record store, pore obsessively over Internet music sites, and have not just the albums, but every B-side by their favorite artists. In short, the types who'd win any kind of music-trivia night. There's a cartoon where an LP has its head

with a cassingle (really!). Editor Sean Manning let his writers pair up both the likely (Blur vs. Oasis; Britney vs. Christina) and the uncommon (Nirvana vs. Metallica; Band Aid vs. USA for Africa). The result is a funny, impassioned music lover's manifesto. Whether you agree with the authors' conclusions isn't the point; it's that you care enough to listen (and obsess) in the first place.—R.K.B.

# CHAT WITH A PET LIKE ME.

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Cassia Riley  
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runner-up



**Life on Top**

SERVICING YOUR NEEDS

# Fall Back in Style

Whether you're looking to hit the road for an autumnal *Easy Rider* weekend, heading off to college, or just looking for the perfect cocktail to imbibe on a stormy afternoon, we've got your back.



## Long-haul Eurothrash

The British and the Italians have given us reasons to hit the open road, and they're as flavorful and different as stout and pinot grigio.

By Bill Heald

### TRIUMPH ROCKET III TOURING

Those of us lucky enough to ride Triumph's original Rocket III were blown away by its massive, 2,300-cc three-cylinder engine, which gave the gigantic cruiser a Hulkish personality and awesome thrust. As fun as the limey locomotive was, I couldn't help but think the best application for this drivetrain would be a long-haul tour bike as opposed to just a boulevard bad boy. Triumph flirted with the idea with last year's Classic Tour version, but they really didn't nail it until this year's Touring model. The Triumph Rocket III Touring may be a heavyweight but it's exceptionally user-friendly, sporting a revised frame and different tire sizes that work in concert for better low-speed handling and high-speed stability. Where the Classic had leather saddlebags, the Touring has stylish hard bags that are fairly

capacious and easily removable if you want to slim down around town. The windshield is also easily detachable and does an excellent job keeping rain and bugs at bay. The well-contoured seat is a royal perch indeed, with all-day comfort for you and your significant other. And then there's that engine. With 106 horsepower on tap and a flat, muscular torque curve, the only thing you have to worry about is range. It's so much fun to screw on the power every time you grab the throttle that you might drain the five-gallon fuel tank in a hurry.

The long, low, and powerful Rocket III Touring rails like a locomotive yet has the manners of a British valet.



### SPECIFICATIONS

Engine type	Liquid-cooled, inline triple
Bore x stroke	101.6 mm x 94.3 mm
Displacement	2,294 cc
Fuel system	Sequential electronic fuel injection
Ignition	Electronic
Transmission	Five-speed
Front suspension	Fully shrouded 43-mm forks
Rear suspension	Twin shocks, preload adjustable
Front brakes	Dual 320-mm floating discs
Rear brake	Single 316-mm disc
Front tire	150/80 R16
Rear tire	180/70 R16
Fuel tank	4.9 gallons
Wheelbase	67.2 inches
Seat height	28.9 inches
Dry weight	788 pounds
MSRP	\$16,999 (single color), \$17,299 (two-tone)





#### SPECIFICATIONS

Engine type	Air-cooled, 90-degree V-twin
Bore x stroke	95 mm x 81.2 mm
Displacement	1,151 cc
Fuel system	Marelli electronic fuel injection
Ignition	Electronic, twin spark
Transmission	Six-speed
Front suspension	Telescopic hydraulic 45-mm forks, preload adjustable
Rear suspension	Single shock, preload and rebound adjustable
Front brakes	Dual 320-mm floating discs, ABS
Rear brake	Single 282-mm disc, ABS
Front tire	120/70 ZR17
Rear tire	180/55 ZR17
Fuel tank	Six gallons
Wheelbase	58.8 inches
Seat height	31.5 inches
Dry weight	542 pounds
MSRP	\$15,590

#### MOTO GUZZI NORGE 1200

Where the Triumph is a hulking soccer hooligan, the Norge is a svelte, sophisticated Italian tenor. This bike expresses the best in Guzzi tradition with a soulful, air-cooled "flying" V-twin (mounted perpendicular to the chassis so the cylinders are out in the breeze) that wails like a mechanical Pavarotti at high rpm. With 1,200 ccs of displacement and a certain rugged charm, this engine is mated to an amazingly light-shifting six-speed transmission that (like the

Triumph) gets the rumble to the road with shaft drive. Moto Guzzi sharpens the machine with contemporary hardware, including brilliant Brembo ABS brakes (with a button that lets you cancel the antilock circuitry, should you choose to lock up the rear wheel for impressive parking-lot slides). The windscreens modestly adjusts up or down with the push of a button, and heated grips are a welcome addition when you head to the mountains.

The riding position is considerably more sport-oriented than the Rocket III (the Triumph is a cruiser after all), but still upright enough for long days in the saddle. The easily detached saddlebags are stylishly futuristic and can hold a lot of delicate underthings for a weekend getaway with your girl, and seal securely should you encounter a deluge on your quest for fettuccine. 

Guzzi's signature V-twin engine is surrounded by svelte bodywork, ABS brakes, and a chassis built for all-day speed and comfort.



## Dorm Decor

These cool new gadgets will give you a rockin' dorm room—for a little more than a grand.

By Paul Stone

Stepping up to living on your own in college should mean a great time, whether you're a jock, a geek, or an artsy lit major. The self-expression, the freedom, the binge drinking, those brand-new credit cards burning a hole in your pocket.... We don't want you to

get too crazy with those cards, though. You don't want to find out you're over your limit in front of a hot date. (Just in case, though, check out our "Campus Life" column on the next spread.) With this gear, there's no need to fear the repo man, dude.

### NANDA CLOCKY

A new and interesting take on a seemingly simple idea: an alarm clock that "won't take no for an answer." It's a cool idea for heavy sleepers, but it didn't make it through our door when it was available only in pastel shades. Now that this puppy is chrome, we'll take it. You can get away with hitting the snooze button once, but the next time it'll roll off your nightstand and zip around under the furniture until you catch it and shut it off. Of course, you might want to talk to your roommate before using it; it won't know your side of the room from his. (\$60; [NandaHome.com](http://NandaHome.com))



### BREVILLE ECT75XL TOASTER

This sleek toaster could make the biggest anti-carb nut do a complete 180. You almost feel bad when you want only one piece of toast or half a bagel, like you're abusing it somehow. Still, it's a rugged piece of equipment for any residence hall, frat house, or bachelor pad. The "lift and look" feature even lets you watch your bread get roasted, so it's the perfect small appliance for all you washer watchers. (\$80; [BrevilleUSA.com](http://BrevilleUSA.com))



#### ROKU NETFLIX PLAYER

This isn't pretty, but it is useful. Hook it up to your TV or PC, connect to the Internet, and 30 seconds after picking a title you can be watching one of 10,000 movies and TV episodes. Movie options are somewhat limited, but it's great for catching up with TV shows. Unlimited instant

streams come with any Netflix membership (prices start at \$9 a month). You can pause for up to 20 minutes, or stop the stream and pick up exactly where you left off. (\$100; [Roku.com](http://Roku.com))

#### FLIP MINO CAMCORDER

Utterly stunning does not begin to describe this. It's disgustingly beautiful, amazingly compact, and simple to use. Trifecta! You'll love the touch-screen navigation as much as the look. Recharging and uploading is a snap with the internal lithium battery (no AAAs here!) via the built-in USB (nice!), and it's small enough to keep on you at all times. Campus Life Lesson No. 1: You must always be ready to document girls going wild. (\$180; [TheFlip.com](http://TheFlip.com))

#### SAMSUNG ML-163 PRINTER

Ah, college. Where people are young and idealistic, and of course not superficial enough to pick a date solely for her looks. Right. When it comes to printers, though, a little superficiality can go

a long way. This simple but gorgeous black-and-white printer/scanner churns out up to 17 pages per minute, and prints and scans almost silently, so it won't wake up your roommates. (\$186; [Samsung.com](http://Samsung.com))

To entertain the ladies, let the Rolly rip. The light show begins, and it zooms around playing your favorite mash-up.

#### SONY ROLLY

Believe it or not, this thing is pretty high-tech. Can you wirelessly stream music from your PC, in addition to holding two gigabytes of music on your internal memory? We thought not. But to entertain the ladies, turn off the lights and let it rip. "Arms" fly out, the light show begins, and it zooms around while playing your favorite Jessica Simpson-Slipknot mash-up. You can even engrave it—we recommend: "I cost \$400. Handle me as gently as you handle your testicles." (\$400 and up; [SonyStyle.com](http://SonyStyle.com))



# Dorm Days 101

These five essential life lessons work for every college student.

By Gregg Stebbens • Photograph by Nicholas Eveleigh

## ■ HOW TO REMEMBER WHAT YOU READ

Remember the last time you read a book? Remember how, five minutes after you put it down, you couldn't remember anything in it? You've got a recall problem bigger than GM's biggest nightmare. Here are three ways to retain what you read:

### 1. GET THE BIG PICTURE

Use the table of contents to map the book and quickly find what you want to read. Skim through the index and look for things you already know a little something about, and flip to the parts of the book where they're discussed. Read the introduction or preface.

### 2. SKIP IT

Feel perfectly comfortable skipping the parts that don't really look interesting. Your interests are dictated by what you need to know. If it doesn't intrigue you, you don't need to learn it.

### 3. REDUCE THE BOOK OR ARTICLE TO ABOUT SIX KEY TERMS

Try to visualize the key players and events, and analyze the relationships between them. Ask yourself questions about what's in the article. In a novel, such as *Moll Flanders*, imagine yourself as one of the characters, dealing with the problems before him.

## ■ HOW TO SPEED READ

Four-step reading faster than a bullet:

### 1. PREVIEW WHAT YOU'RE GOING TO READ FIRST

Look at the titles, subheads, pull quotes, or anything that's in italics or boldfaced. The author wants you to pickup on facts, concepts, and other important information.

### 2. USE YOUR HAND AS A PACER

Underline what you're reading to keep moving rapidly through the material. The primary benefit? It's a concentration tool that keeps you focused on what you're reading. If you're focused, you'll retain more.

### 3. READ GROUPS OF WORDS

Words are meant to trigger thoughts. Hearing everything in your head—as opposed to just seeing it—can actually slow your thinking. Start reading words in groups of twos and threes, and increase the number as your skill improves.

### 4. READ VERTICALLY

Left-to-right eye movement wastes a lot of time and causes you to read everything, most of which isn't all that important. If you keep your left-to-right eye movement at a minimum as you go down the page, your eye can take in up to 3,500 words a minute.

## ■ WHAT TO DO WHEN THE WAITER SAYS, "SORRY, YOUR CARD'S BEEN DENIED"

This is a telling example of the main thing about etiquette: The rules of etiquette exist not to make boors out of those who don't know them, but to make sure everybody feels as comfortable as possible in as many situations as possible.

### CONSIDER THE COMFORT OF YOUR DINNER PARTNER

Don't make the credit-card problem a big deal, because it isn't one. It's nothing personal between you and the waiter, and it's nothing you can rectify on the spot. Don't feign outrage and indignation, and don't abuse the messenger. Simply acknowledge what has happened as an awkward situation—you're apparently over the limit imposed by the credit-card issuer—and ask the waiter for a suggestion about other means of satisfying the bill, say, paying by personal check or with a charge card (which, unlike a credit card, has no fixed limit).

### CONSIDER THE COMFORT OF YOUR WAITER

If none of the above payment options is acceptable and you volunteer to run around the corner to an ATM for cash, it is proper manners to leave behind something of obvious value—your driver's license, for example, or your dinner companion.

### MAKE A STINK WITH YOUR BANKER

Having said the above, we should also say that it's awfully bad manners to impose a limit on a chap's credit, since it presumes his inability or unwillingness to repay the debt. This is a personal insult, of course, and one you may wish to bring up later, when you call the bank.

One way to cure a hangover is to eat raw fish marinated in hot sauce. (Not like this, of course. That would just make you puke.)



## ■ HOW TO PREVENT A HANGOVER

Just before you go to bed, drink an eight-ounce glass of water for every drink you drank—and don't cheat. Then pack some carbohydrates to take along on Slumberland's Tilt-a-Whirl. Bread works. Neither of these are easy things to do when you're stumbling around the kitchen drunk, but doing both is easier than waking up with a hangover.

Take 50 milligrams of vitamin B, eat a piece of bread, and drink two big glasses of water before you go to sleep.

Take two or three aspirin, acetaminophen, or ibuprofen with a couple of glasses of water before you go to sleep.

## ■ HOW TO CURE A HANGOVER

Use science. You thought it was the booze. Wrong. It was the chemistry. That mixed cocktail of misbehavior dehydrated your body, nauseated your stomach, and beat you upside the head. So fight chemistry with chemistry: Drink plenty of—do we have to say it? *nonacoholic*—liquids, eat something savory to help retain water, and give your body a good dose of protein. One man's prescription: double cheeseburger, large fries, huge cola with ice. And that's for breakfast, chum.

If you feel bad when you wake up, eat a dry cracker with honey on it.

Take 1,000 milligrams of vitamin C, drink salted cucumber juice, eat raw fish marinated in hot sauce, and take ginseng or willow bark.

Eat tomatoes, drink V8 and coffee, and take a cold shower.

Drink lots of water and ginger-root tea.

Exercise. Oh.



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by Gregg Stebben.  
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## Storm Warning

The frozen hurricane is potent enough to make you ignore the forecast. Drink with someone you love; it could be your last.

By Tucker Shaw  
Photograph by Nicholas Eveleigh

### WHAT

It's no accident that rum is the sweetest spirit in the cupboard—it's made from sugarcane. Sugarcane juice or molasses (the gooey stuff left after sugarcane is processed into sugar) is fermented and distilled, then aged in barrels (either wood or steel) to develop color and flavor.

It's also no accident that rum is the basis for tropical drinks like daiquiris and mojitos—most rum is made in the Caribbean. (This is also why it is popular with pirates.)

Rums come in a whole range of colors, depending on how long they've been aged and how aggressively they've been filtered before bottling. Light rums and white rums are thoroughly filtered and aged only for a short time. Dark rums are filtered less and aged longer. Lighter rums are usually better for mixing, while darker rums are sometimes best poured over a few rocks and sipped neat.

### WHY

I've been to a few places in this world, and I've had a few hurricanes. Never have two been the same. But whatever bastardized versions are served, the hurricane is unquestionably a New Orleans libation. This bastardized version, a frozen hurricane, is best served late on a stormy afternoon.

Tip: You could try it without the passion-fruit juice, but then it wouldn't be a hurricane.

This bastardized version of a New Orleans hurricane is best served late on a stormy afternoon.

### HOW

#### Ingredients (makes two drinks)

2 ounces white rum  
2 ounces dark rum  
2 ounces vodka  
Splash of grenadine  
4 ounces orange juice  
2 ounces passion-fruit juice or  
½ ounce passion-fruit syrup

Put three cups crushed ice in a blender. Add all ingredients. Blend for ten seconds, pulsing in additional five-second increments if necessary. Pour into hurricane glasses, garnish with Maraschino cherry and orange round, and serve.

### MIX IT UP

**Tropical storm:** Leave out the vodka.

**Tropical depression:** Leave out the vodka and the dark rum.

**Pineapple hurricane:** Substitute pineapple juice for orange juice. Other variations are limited only by your imagination.



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NEW

# THE PENTHOUSE TOP 40

## Tips on Strip-Club Etiquette

As a prequel to our 40th Anniversary Issue next year, we'll be showing you a good time with monthly Top 40 lists about—what else?—sex.

### ■ PREP WORK

1. Shower.
2. Freshen your breath.
3. Remember deodorant, duh, and maybe a little cologne.
4. Wear clothing that will be comfortable against the dancers' skin.
5. Dress up a bit.
6. Leave the big belt buckle at home.
7. But wear something distinctive that can spark a conversation.
8. Make sure your pants are—and stay—zipped.

### ■ ARRIVAL ATTITUDE

9. Find out the prices for lap dances and private rooms at the door, so you don't have to negotiate with the dancers themselves. (See Taya Parker's comment on the next page.)
10. Don't ask the waitress or bartender for "the least expensive drink."
11. Always tip the waitress. Word will get around if you don't tip.
12. Don't get completely hammered.
13. Become a repeat customer if you like the girls. They recognize regulars.
14. Introduce yourself to any girl who appeals to you ... unless she's with another guy. It's a strip club, not a nightclub.
15. Make eye contact if you want to talk to or get a dance from one of the girls who's not onstage.
16. Or ask your waitress to introduce you to the girl you like.
17. Make polite excuses if a dancer who approaches you isn't your type.
18. Don't try to impress a girl by talking about how much money you have ... unless you plan to spend a

bunch of it on her.

19. Don't talk to one girl about the other dancers, unless she says one of the dancers is hot. Always remember that this is one time when commonsense dating rules apply: The girl across the room is only as hot as the one at your side in your head. Never say it out loud.

### ■ STAGE RIGHTS AND WRONGS

20. Tip the girls onstage, or don't sit in front.
21. Make eye contact and smile while tipping, but don't grab.
22. Give compliments.
23. Keep them appropriate.
24. Never comment negatively on a dancer's attributes.
25. Don't hold up a dollar and tell a dancer to work for it.
26. Never throw change on the stage.

### ■ LAP DANCE DO'S AND DON'TS

27. Don't haggle or ask for a discount.
28. Don't ask for a date.
29. Don't tell a dancer you love her—or, worse, want to marry her.
30. Pay for her time if you talk for a while, especially if you don't buy a dance from her.
31. Keep your hands to yourself.
32. Don't be embarrassed by an erection. The dancers like to know when they've done a good job.
33. Never try to stiff a dancer. You're guaranteed a quick trip to the exit.

### ■ BACKROOM BEHAVIOR

34. If you get more than one dance from a girl, pay as you go.
35. Respect the rules of the club and the room.
36. Touch her with sexy caresses—if



Introduce yourself to any girl who appeals to you ... unless she's with another guy.

- it's allowed—but don't grope like a teenage boy.
37. Don't tell her "the other dancers let me do" ... whatever.
  38. Don't treat her like a hooker.
  39. Or expect her to act like one.
  40. At some clubs, the valets will not give you your keys if you're drunk. If you plan on drinking heavily, save some money for cab fare.

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# Miss Behave

There's a reason strip joints are referred to as gentlemen's clubs. But you don't have to take just our advice on how to behave. We asked Taya Parker—our January '08 Pet of the Month, star of one of this month's girl-girl love fests, and *Exotic Dancer's* Entertainer of the Year—to weigh in as well.

By Jonathan Ages

## ■ YOU GET WHAT YOU PAY FOR

"Those girls are there for their job. They're not looking at the dance the same way you are. You're not going to go to a five-star restaurant without a wallet full of cash. It's the same thing in a strip club. To have a good time, you'll obviously need to spend more. If you show up with McDonald's-level money, be prepared to get chicken nuggets-quality treatment."

## ■ GIVE AND YOU SHALL RECEIVE

"A lot of girls forget that they need to create a fantasy world. All they say is, 'Do you want a dance? Do you want a dance?' That's frustrating—you feel like you're just a wallet. But if you want that fantasy, you've got to do your part: Respect that she's not making money when she's talking to you. If two or three songs have passed and she's still talking to you, consider yourself a lucky guy and ask her to give you a dance. They're fulfilling your fantasy and you're helping them pay their bills. And if she's not making you feel like a wallet, then, well, you should definitely be giving her your wallet—'cause that's a rare girl!"

## ■ THAT GUY

"Nobody likes the smelly, heavy-breather guy. No matter how deep that guy's pockets, I literally cannot stomach him. It's flattering when a guy gets into a dance, but show that you're enjoying yourself by buying another dance—not by rubbing me with your sweaty palms and breathing all over me. That's just gross! Smell good. Wash your hands. Wear deodor-

ant. The rules of dating apply in a strip club, too. Some guys think, *If I'm going to pay for it, then I can act, smell, and say whatever I want*. There is only a certain genre of girl that will put up with that guy—and that's not the kind of girl you want dancing for you."

## ■ STRETCH YOUR BUCK

"A lot of places have Up Times or dance specials [when you can get a half-price dance]. You get more for your money if you buy a girl a drink and ask to buy her Up Time. Sometimes it comes across as cheap, but a lot of places require the girls to sell a certain amount of Up Times. If she doesn't have it reserved for somebody, she'll come back to you.

"There's no way not to come across as cheap if you're being cheap. The girls notice when you're buying the beer special and only getting dances at the Up Time. If you want to party like a high roller, you could be looking at \$200 for 30 minutes in the champagne room. Then again, you could go into some more affordable back rooms with \$100, have it last an hour, and still seem like a reasonable guy."

## ■ SITTING AT THE STAGE

"Do not sit at the stage if you're not going to tip the girls. The worst thing in the world is to dance in front of people and then receive a confused look when you pull out your garter

**"If you're into me, I'm going to be more into you. If a guy doesn't want to be there, I'm not going to stick my boobs in his face."**

for a tip. It makes the girl feel like a complete loser. And we shouldn't feel like the losers; you should feel like the loser for not tipping. Some girls will call you every four-letter word in the book and get you blackballed for the rest of the night. They'll tell their friends not to dance for you. Some girls might even knock you out!"

## ■ CHEER

"I get a lot of satisfaction out of knowing that people enjoy my show, so I love it when there's frat-house cheering by the stage. Then again, the appreciation is all in the money."

## ■ TIP THE PERFORMER

"Most girls couldn't care less if you have your thumb up your nose, as long as you compensate them for giving you extra attention. You don't have to tip every girl, but if a girl holds out her garter or does something to indicate that she wants a tip, you should probably tip her. And don't be that guy who just gives a dollar. I've seen girls do flips on a customer's lap and stick their butt in a customer's face and end up getting only a dollar tip! Give her at least two or three bucks. I would not work that hard for a dollar. I mean, what can you get for a dollar, like, a pack of gum?"

## ■ THE TRAIN WRECK

"Keep an eye on who's coming up next. If you don't like the girl approaching the stage, that's a good time for a bathroom break. You don't have to wait until a girl takes her clothes off for you to figure out that the girl's not your cup of tea—that's just rude."

## ■ WANDERING HANDS

"Some clubs have posters by dance areas indicating what you can and cannot do in the champagne room. In general, follow the girl's lead: If she's grinding on your crotch, she'll probably let you get away with just about anything. If she comes in close for a second and then pulls away, she's probably not going to be cool with you kneading her breasts like cookie dough. I've never had a problem with a guy asking me, 'What am I allowed to do?' My response is always, 'I'm not going to tell you what you're allowed and not allowed to do, but if you do something I don't like, you'll be the first to know about it.'"



### ■ PLAY THE PART

"I would almost be offended if a guy didn't try to graze my thigh. I don't like when guys sit there like robots—looking scared. I'm like, *Are you even having a good time? You seem like you're ready to have a heart attack.* We're reading you, too. If you're into me, then I'm going to be a little bit more into you. If I sense a guy doesn't want to be there—'cause his friend bought the dance, or something—then I'm not going to straddle the guy and stick my boobs in his face."

### ■ SETTLE THE BILL

"Strippers may hate me for saying this, but it's not frowned upon if you don't tip after a champagne-room dance. I would never expect a tip from someone who just paid \$20 or \$25 for a three-minute song. Oh, and ask about the price of a dance when you come into the club. There are always one or two girls who think they're worth more money and will try to charge you more."

### ■ HOW TO SCORE

"A lot of places have rules against going home with a girl at the end of the night. I've heard of girls going out for breakfast after-hours with a customer and being charged with prostitution. I know lots of girls who have hooked up with or married customers. It happens a lot. It helps if you're young, cute, and sporting all your pimp gear. When it's late in the night, invite her to breakfast after work. I'm always good to go when somebody wants to throw pancakes down my throat [*laughs*]!"

### ■ GETTING FREEBIE DANCES

"Most clubs have dance counters and some clubs even have cameras, so there's usually someone who knows how many dances you've received. Sometimes it's not even up to the girl—you don't even pay her; you pay a guy in the back. So getting a free dance is not as regular of an occurrence as you might think. But if you like a girl and she's danced for you for two or three songs, it might make sense to look into a champagne room. Because if you get her for 30 minutes or an hour, you may end up getting a better rate per song. Plus, sometimes there are complimentary drinks or food provided in the champagne room."



# angel eyes

Twenty-six-year-old Palm Springs, California, native Laura Lee admires women with beauty and sex appeal, such as Carmen Electra and Angelina Jolie. As much as we love Carmen and Angie, Laura's 34D-26-34 curves fit our idea of heaven on earth.

Photographs by Misha







**"My most remarkable sexual experience was, well, I like to call it epic! It was an entire weekend of lots of foreplay, lots of action, and lots of very passionate lovemaking."**



**"The most daring thing I've ever done was have a threesome. It came about as if it was the most natural thing in the world, and ended up being an incredible sexual adventure."**







**"In comparison to my real-life experiences, my favorite fantasy might seem kind of old-fashioned, but I really want to make love on a furry rug in front of a roaring fire."**







"If I was going to be a groupie  
for any band, I would pick  
the Black-Eyed Peas, and there's  
one reason for that: Fergie!"

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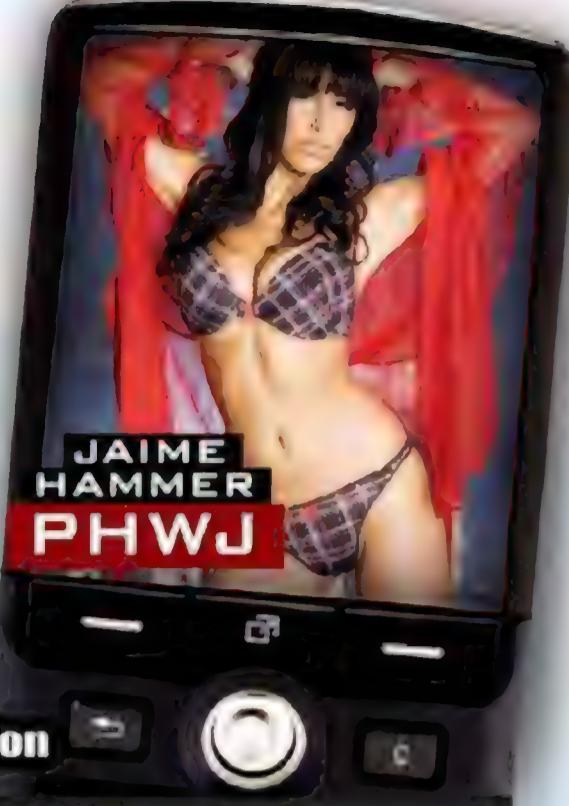
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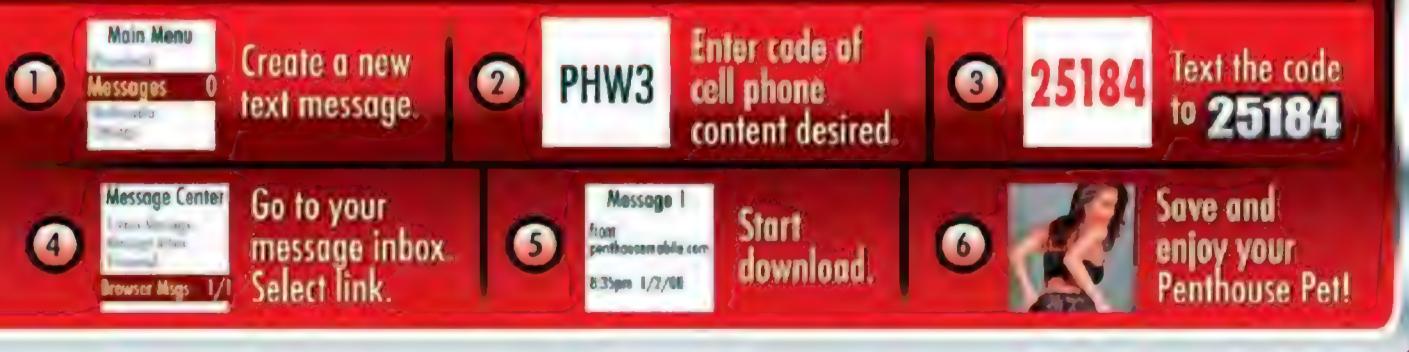
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PHS5

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PHS6

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Four players to watch (from left): Florida Gators QB Tim Tebow, Ohio State WR Brian Hartline, Georgia Bulldogs RB Knowshon Moreno, and USC WR Ronald Johnson

# Muddy Waters

The BCS celebrated its tenth year of existence last season by producing one of the most muddled outcomes in its history. Don't be surprised if it happens again.

By Peter Schrager

The 2007-08 college football season began with pundits falling all over themselves to crown the USC Trojans national champs before they'd taken a snap. They were the best team in the land, the consensus went, and everyone else was fighting for second place. When USC lost on October 6—to Stanford,

for crying out loud—the national-title picture went out of focus. It only got blurrier as the season progressed, and then it was thrown into upheaval on the final weekend, when the two leading contenders for the title game (Missouri and West Virginia) suffered upsets. The seemingly annual cries for a playoff went up again, and never sounded more justified. But let's face it: College football is not getting a playoff anytime soon, and this year's BCS could be as arbitrary as last year's. The

preseason favorites are Georgia, Ohio State, Florida, and USC, but as last year demonstrated, nothing is guaranteed ...and the computers will have the final say. But it'll be a hell of a ride to that point, and to get you ready, we break down the BCS conferences, tab a few sleeper teams, look at the mid-majors, and troll online for comely coeds. Enjoy.

# Conference Call

With the last two national champions and the 2007 runner-up in its ranks, the SEC is clearly the toughest league in the land. How do the other five BCS conferences stack up?

## 1. SEC

2007 Non-Conference Record vs.  
BCS teams: 7-7

2007 Bowl Teams: 9

2008 Top Teams: Georgia, Florida, LSU

**Five Questions:** Can Florida QB Tim Tebow (top) repeat his dream season of '07? Will Georgia—with nine starters returning on D and offensive stars QB Matt Stafford, RB Knowshon Moreno, and WR Mohamed Massaquoi—live up to the hype? How long till coach Bobby Petrino bolts Fayetteville? Is Mississippi State a potential sleeper team? Can former Harvard man Andrew Hatch hang at QB for LSU?

## 2. BIG 12

2007 Non-Conference Record vs.  
BCS teams: 5-6

2007 Bowl Teams: 8

2008 Top Teams: Missouri, Kansas, Oklahoma

**Five Questions:** Is Missouri QB Chase Daniel this year's Tim Tebow? Can former LSU defensive coordinator Bo Pelini bring sorely needed D to Lincoln as the new head coach of Nebraska? Will Texas Tech All-American Michael Crabtree catch 200 passes? Will Oklahoma ever win another bowl game? What will Kansas do for an encore after its 12-win season of 2007—and will overweight coach Mark Mangino please drop a few? Please?



## 3. PAC 10

2007 Non-Conference Record vs.

BCS teams: 7-6

2007 Bowl Teams: 6

2008 Top Teams: USC, California, Arizona State

**Five Questions:** Arizona is getting lots of hype—are they for real? Will all three USC linebackers—seniors Brian Cushing, Rey Maualuga (above), and Kaluka Maiava—be first team All-Americans? How far will Oregon fall after the departures of QB Dennis Dixon and RB Jonathan Stewart? After UCLA's top two QBs, Patrick Cowan and Ben Olson, went down with injuries on back-to-back plays this past spring, who will quarterback the Bruins? Who did new UCLA coach

Rick Neuheisel have in his March Madness pool?

## 4. Big Ten

2007 Non-Conference Record vs.  
BCS teams: 9-4

2007 Bowl Teams: 8

2008 Top Teams: Ohio State, Illinois, Michigan State

**Five Questions:** Can Rich Rodriguez win at Michigan with Lloyd Carr's recruits? Will Ohio State at USC (on September 13) live up to the hype? Can new Minnesota defensive coordinator Ted Roof revive a unit that ranked last in the nation in 2007? Is Iowa the conference dark horse? How many "Juice"-related puns will ESPN force down our throats this year, with Isiah "Juice" Williams returning to quarterback Illinois?

## 5. ACC

2007 Non-Conference Record vs.  
BCS teams: 11-11

2007 Bowl Teams: 8

2008 Top Teams: Virginia Tech, Clemson, Florida State

**Five Questions:** Will second-year coach Butch Davis forge a breakthrough season in Chapel Hill? Can Boston College QB Chris Crane (or transfer Codi Boek) fill the shoes of NFL-bound Matt Ryan? With 14 starters returning—including star RB James Davis—can Clemson deliver on its enormous potential? Can Florida State—coming off back-to-back 7-6 seasons, and another student-athlete scandal that saw more than 20 scholarship players suspended for cheating on a music test—reclaim any of its former glory? Can former Tennessee offensive coordinator David Cutcliffe get the Duke program off the ground?

## 6. Big East

2007 Non-Conference Record vs.  
BCS teams: 7-8

2007 Bowl Teams: 5

2008 Top Teams: West Virginia, Rutgers, South Florida

**Five Questions:** Is there life at Rutgers after RB Ray Rice, who left for the NFL? Can South Florida's All-American DE George Selvie rack up 20 sacks? Can Bill Stewart top his audition as West Virginia coach—a Fiesta Bowl upset of the No. 3 Oklahoma? Pat White: Heisman candidate, future CFL star, or both? Can Cincinnati build on the momentum of its best season (10-3) since 1951?



## Don't Sleep on 'Em

Four overlooked teams that could contend for the BCS title

Missouri, Kansas, and South Florida came out of nowhere in 2007 to establish themselves as legitimate powerhouses. This season, we've scouted four BCS-conference teams that have been lying in the weeds. Keep an eye on them.

### PITTSBURGH

Tailback **LeSean McCoy** (above) ran for a Big East-freshman record of 1,328 yards last year. As a sophomore, he should be even better. QB **Bill Stull** is healthy, and WR **Derek Kinder**, a 2006 Biletnikoff Award semifinalist, is

back after missing a year with an injury. Finally, the Panthers will look to build off the momentum of last year's season-ending upset of West Virginia, a 13-9 triumph that quashed the Mountaineers' national-title hopes. **We'll know if they're for real on:** October 2, at South Florida.

### COLORADO

Year three of the Dan Hawkins Era will feature one brutal four-week stretch.

From September 18 to October 11, the Buffaloes run a gauntlet of West Virginia, Florida State, Texas, and Kansas. If they win three out of four, they'll be a Top Ten team—with Missouri looming on the docket two weeks later.

**We'll know if they're for real on:** September 18, versus West Virginia.

### SOUTH CAROLINA

Though Florida's Percy Harvin gets all the press, South Carolina's **Kenny McKinley** may very well be the best all-around receiver in the SEC. And the South Carolina D includes four all-conference players from '07. Yep, the Ol' Ball Coach Steve Spurrier's Gamecocks may be the best team no one's talking about.

**We'll know if they're for real on:** September 13, versus Georgia.

### NORTH CAROLINA

No, you haven't stumbled across a section of our college hoops preview by accident: We're calling for a breakout year from the Tar Heels. In football, Yes, really. North Carolina returns four of its five starting offensive linemen and two stud wide receivers, **Hakeem Nicks** and **Brandon Tate**. Sophomore QB **T. J. Yates** passed for a school-record 2,655 yards last year, and the defense features pass-rushing demon **Marvin Austin**. This is the year the Tar Heels put a footprint on the college football map.

**We'll know if they're for real on:** September 11, at Rutgers.

## Mid-Major Matters

From Boise State and Hawaii to Fresno State and TCU, schools from non-BCS conferences have made some noise in recent seasons. Here's the skinny on this year's crop.

In 2004, Utah, from the non-BCS Mountain West Conference, blew out Pittsburgh, from the BCS Big East, in the Fiesta Bowl. In 2005, Texas Christian, also from the Mountain West, stunned Big 12 power Oklahoma, and Fresno State (Western Athletic Conference) gave mighty USC a run for its money. In '06, in one of the most memorable games in college football history, Boise State (Big Sky Conference) knocked off Oklahoma with a hook-and-ladder play and a Statue of Liberty play, then capped it off with a marriage proposal from the star running back to a cheerleader. And forget about 2007. Division I-AA Appalachian

State beat Michigan, North Dakota State knocked off Minnesota, Louisiana-Monroe housed Alabama, and Colt Brennan led Hawaii to an undefeated season.

Whether you like it or not, mid-majors, Division I-AA schools, and teams you've never heard of are here to stay. Churning out top NFL draft picks year in and year out (see: Tennessee State's Dominique Rodgers-Cromartie, Tulane's Matt Forte, and Troy's Leodis McKelvin—first- or second-rounders all) and toppling powerhouse programs every

other week, these schools add a heavy dose of excitement to college football. Here are five to watch this season:

**TULSA:** Record-setting QB Paul Smith is gone, but three-year understudy David Johnson should handle business just fine. Tarrion Adams (RB) and Trae Johnson (WR) are both back, and the Golden Hurricanes are ready to storm in '08.  
**POTENTIAL UPSET:** November 1 at Arkansas

**BALL STATE:** The Cardinals beat Navy in Annapolis and gave Nebraska all it could handle in Lincoln last season. This year, quarterback Nate

Davis (30 touchdowns, six interceptions in '07) is a Heisman hopeful and his top target—Dante Love—could haul in 100 passes.

**POTENTIAL UPSET:** September 20 at Indiana

**WESTERN MICHIGAN:** Quarterback Tim Hillier's got a rifle, and receiver Jamarko Simmons is one of the nation's best. The defense was pretty bad last year, but with ten returning starters, the Broncos should be a lot stingier in '08.  
**POTENTIAL UPSET:** November 8 vs. Illinois in Detroit

**SOUTHERN METHODIST UNIVERSITY:** Two words: June Jones. The master of the run-and-shoot brings his fireworks show to Dallas, where he'll try to put SMU football back on the map. Don't be shocked if that happens ... this season.  
**POTENTIAL UPSET:** September 13 at Texas Tech

**NEW MEXICO STATE:** It's the Chase Holbrook show in Las Cruces. The senior gunslinger was banged up much of last year, yet threw for more than 3,850 yards. New defensive coordinator Joe Lee Dunn brings a wacky 3-3-5 defense that could give teams fits.  
**POTENTIAL UPSET:** September 13 at Nebraska



## The Sterger Militia

Thanks to a former Florida State coed, just about every college football conference has a website devoted to its foxiest fans.

Sports fans can always remember exactly where they were for the most dramatic moments. Kirk Gibson's World Series home run in 1988; Christian Laettner's buzzer beater in '92; Jordan's "flugame" in '97—if you're a sports junkie, there's a good chance you can recall exactly where you were sitting, who you were with, and what kind of beer you were drinking during each landmark moment.

College football fans can do the same for the evening of September 5, 2005. On that fateful Labor Day weekend night, coming out of a commercial break, ABC cameras caught a young Florida State student cheering on her team against Miami. Taking in the vision of the young coed in an FSU cowboy hat, cut-off T-shirt, and short-shorts, ABC's Brent Musberger said, "15,000 young red-blooded American men just signed up to go to Florida State next semester." With that, a "star"—and an Internet craze—was born.

Jenn Sterger (above, middle, with other Cowgirls) was her name, her crew of friends called themselves the FSU Cowgirls, and her website—[CowgirlNation.com](http://CowgirlNation.com)—attracted millions of hits within weeks.

Magazine cover shoots followed, and soon, similar coed college football sites blossomed all over the Internet.

We've spent the past few weeks tirelessly researching them, and came up with our favorites.

Cameras caught a young Florida State student cheering on her team. With that, a "star"—and an Internet craze—was born.

### ■ ACC POON

Selfless volunteers across the eastern seaboard capture the ACC's finest coeds on film and post them. There are far more Miami and FSU girls than Boston College ones—shocking, we know.

### ■ POON OF THE SEC

This is just what it says. A similar site, [SECPoon.com](http://SECPoon.com), was allegedly "shut down" by Alabama coach Nick Saban last year. Further proof, as if any were needed, that Saban is not a good man.

### ■ PAC-10 POON

What these sites' names lack in originality, they make up for with quality: UCLA, USC, and Arizona State are well represented, along with a surprisingly strong Oregon.

### ■ THE DIRTY

The site that brought you Matt Leinart's "beer bong" photos has links devoted to dozens of colleges, as well as a cheerleaders section. 

2008 Paralympic Games





The world-champion U.S. wheelchair-rugby team is loaded with talent from top to bottom, and heads to Beijing as the clear favorite for Paralympic gold.

By Greg Lala

Photographs by Long Photography, Inc.

**T**eams are made in places like this: A bare-bones gym with unadorned white walls, an American flag in one corner, and chicken wire over the clocks. No frills and no distractions. It's December 2007, more than three years since the U.S. wheelchair-rugby team took the bronze medal at the 2004 Paralympic Games in Athens. Most veterans of that team, though, will tell you they didn't so much win the bronze in '04 as lose the gold, getting upset by archrival Canada in the semifinals before beating Great Britain in the bronze-medal (read: consolation) game.

Now they have come to this gym in Birmingham, Alabama, along with a handful of newbie hopefuls, to try out for the 2008 Paralympic Games, which kickoff in Beijing on September 6. It's the first step toward making sure that what happened in Athens doesn't happen again.

"I'm watching Will get worked out there," mutters U.S. head coach James "Gumby" Gumbert. His assistants nod in unison. "Will, you're getting worked!" Gumby shouts, leaning forward in his wheelchair on the sidelines.

Will Groulx mops his forehead with his blue pinny, but doesn't acknowledge his coach's comments. Groulx is a 34-year-old veteran, a member of both the 2004 Paralympic team and the 2006 squad that won the world championship. He has superb ball-handling skills, plays quick, intelligent defense, and brings the discipline of an ex-Navy man to the U.S. side. But today—the first day of tryouts—his face is contorted in frustration. The source of that frustration is one Joel Wilmot, a pimply 18-year-old quad-rugby phenom, and the guy who—in the words of coach Gumby—has been "working" Groulx this session. The youngster has been getting the better of his elder all day, and now, as an inbounds pass restarts the action, he has Groulx in his sights again. Groulx catches the entry pass, drops the ball into his lap, and propels himself downcourt.

"Left! Left!" shouts Groulx's teammate, Mark "Zup" Zupan, the tattooed, goateed, and outspoken leader of the U.S. team. Zup has two opponents near him. Groulx cuts diagonally to his left, but Wilmot breaks free of his defender—"Joel's loose!" come the shouts—and chases Groulx with remarkable speed.

"Move, Will, move!"

It's clear that Wilmoth is faster than everyone here. Stronger, too. He's on a mission to work Groulx again. Here he comes. Closer. Faster. The veteran lowers his head like a sprinter nearing the finish line. The newbie pistons his arms one last time, then, for added oomph, thrusts his lower body forward.

"Shee-it!" Gumby whispers to no one, his Texas accent biting. This is going to be loud. Everyone watching cringes in anticipation. Then Groulx, at the very last instant, flips the ball over Wilmoth's shoulder, into a space that no one else seems to notice. Waiting in that space is Zup, perfectly positioned to receive the pass. The wheelchairs do collide—*kerrang!*—but Zup has the ball nestled in his lap on the other side, and he coasts over the line.

Goal.

Don't count out the veteran just yet.

"The first reaction people have is, 'Oh, my God! You're going to hurt one another,'" coach Gumby says, discussing the common response to this fast-paced, full-contact sport. He shakes his head and smirks. He's a big man with charcoal-colored hair and the brusque manner of an old-school sheriff. Pathos doesn't sit well with him, or his players. "When you're first injured, you've got nothing to hope for, no confidence. You live in a shell. You're told what you can't do. You can't go here; you can't fly." He points to the court. "Here's something you can do."

Originally called "murderball," wheelchair rugby, also known as quad rugby, was developed in Canada in 1977 by a group of quadriplegics who wanted an aggressive, full-contact sport of their own. It came to the United States in the early 1980s, and has since gradually gone international, with more than 20 countries currently fielding teams. There is a domestic league run by the U.S. Quad Rugby Association. It was a demonstration sport at the 1996 Paralympics in Atlanta, and became a medal sport in 2000 in Sydney, where the United States beat Australia 32–31 for the gold.

The rules are simple enough: four-on-four on a basketball court, with a point scored when a player carries the ball over the end line between two cones set eight meters apart. Four eight-minute quarters make up a game.

The chairs are ultra-light and tricked-out: armor over the spokes, front bumpers, and hooks on the side, like something out of *Ben Hur*. A custom job can cost thousands of dollars.

The sport's one wrinkle, and a key strategic component, comes in the calculus of finding the right chemistry. Each wheelchair-rugby player is assessed by doctors and physiotherapists and given a classification number, from .5 to 3.5, based on his or her physical functionality. A class 3.5 athlete is considered highly functional—a player like Wilmoth, who, despite being born with deformed hands and no feet, has exceptional upper-body strength and coordination. A class .5 performer has difficulty simply holding the ball. The four players on the court for each team cannot exceed a total of eight points. So although Zup, a 3.0, is a goal-scoring machine, a team cannot have four Zups on the court at once. This makes a guy like Jason Regier, a .5 from Denver with severely diminished dexterity, integral to the squad. Regier, who suffered a spinal injury in a car accident, may never score in his career, but his ability to block and clutch an opponent with his chair hooks (a legal maneuver) makes him vital.

In 2005, the Oscar-nominated documentary *Murderball* made wheelchair rugby, and the U.S. team in particular, famous. The film followed the Americans as they prepared for Athens. They were the favorites, along with Canada, to win the gold, and the

A VETERAN VETERAN  
bronze-medal-winning  
2004 team and two-time  
champion 2006 squad,  
Groulx is looking to add to  
his trophy case in Beijing.



"People are like, 'You play a wheelchair sport?' Yeah, a wheelchair sport that will kick your ass."

filmmakers shot them from start to finish.

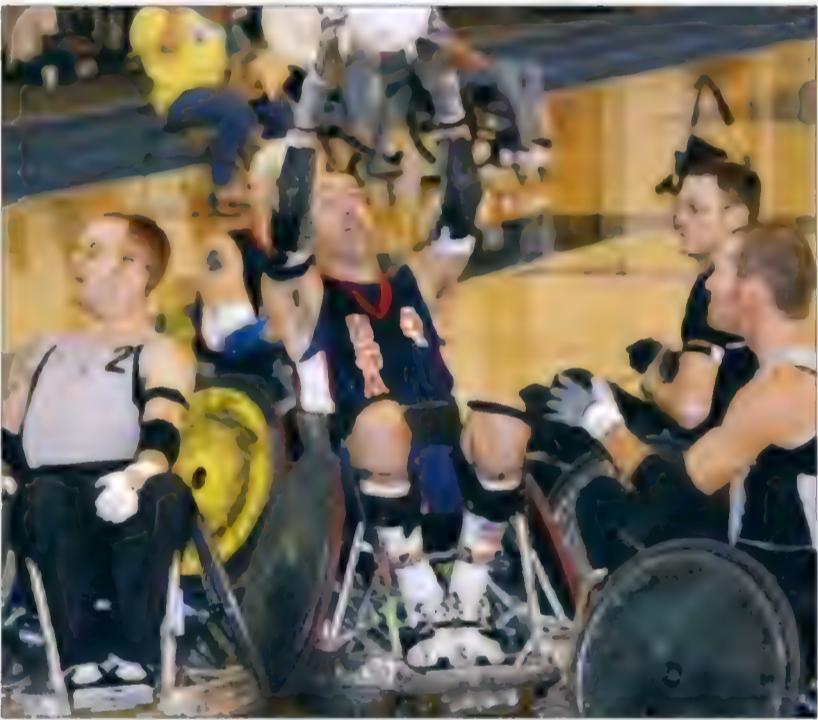
"I think the movie did wonders for the sport; did wonders for disability," says Zup. "It opened the eyes of a lot of people. That's cool. Strange. I'll never say it hasn't been strange. But cool."

It was Zup's heavy-metal attitude and incredible survival story that captured the most attention. A college soccer player, he fell asleep in the back of his buddy's pickup truck outside a bar one night after celebrating a win. Unaware that Zup was in the truck bed, the pal started up the vehicle and drove off, getting into a collision on the way home. Zup was thrown into a frigid roadside canal. He clung to a tree branch, awaiting rescue, for 14 hours—with a broken neck.

Since the movie's release, he has become a minor celebrity. He



Andy Cohn (11) and the U.S. defeated New Zealand 34-30 in the 2006 world-championship final. Chance Sumner (bottom) and Bryan Kirkland (below), 4, also starred for that U.S. team, with Kirkland earning All-Tournament honors.



made a cameo on the TV show *Friday Night Lights* and published a memoir, *GIMP*. But Zup points out that *Murderball*, for all the good it did, also made the sport and its players something of a novelty, a spectacle as opposed to a legitimate sport with legitimate athletes. "People are like, 'You play a wheelchair sport?'" Zup growls. "Yeah, a wheelchair sport that will kick your ass. Man, I don't want the sympathy shit. That gets annoying. People talk to you like, 'Does your friend want to eat?' I'm right here! They talk real loud, like, 'HOW ARE YOU?' I'm not deaf. I'm in a frickin' wheelchair. If you're an athlete, you want the respect. Chair or no chair, I'm an athlete, so fuck you."

These days Zup and the rest of the players have gotten back to basics, focusing on their sport, their fitness, their mental preparedness. Zup is up early every day to push four or five miles on the treadmill before going to his job as a civil engineer in Austin. He's determined not to let the gold escape his grasp this time.

Day two of tryouts is always make-or-break. No more excuses about getting acclimated to one's surroundings or jet lag from the flight. This is the showcase day, and the intensity ramps up several notches. Joel Wilmot dominates again. Midway through the morning session, he collects the ball in the backcourt and races over the half line. Will Groulx, eager to return some of the punishment he took yesterday, sprints over and slams into Joel's left wheel. But Wilmot anticipates the thrust and slightly whirls his chair at the moment of impact. Groulx topples over.

The U.S. program's wheelchair technician, who spends most of his day mending tires and ball bearings, starts walking onto the court to help right Groulx. "Call 'em off?" he asks Gumby.

"Hell, no! I wanna see some contact. But tell him to hit the ones we don't like."

Wilmot relishes hitting almost as much as scoring. The loud, top-speed collisions are his favorite. His youth, strength, and superior dexterity make him one of the most dangerous players in the sport, and he appears ready for his moment on the world

stage. This is his first exposure to the international level—and he doesn't seem fazed by the higher expectations. Wilmoth is also one of the few members of the team who can walk upright, using prosthetics.

"Without a doubt, Joel is the future of our sport," Gumby says. "We're trying to pour knowledge down his throat as fast as possible. He goes 100 miles per hour, but if he actually slowed down, he'd be more effective. He watches how Zup works hard to earn people's respect. He soaks that up in that noggin of his. And now people are beginning to be afraid of him."

In an afternoon scrimmage, Wilmoth goes head-to-head with Zup. He tries to steamroll the older player near center court, but Zup deftly twists away to get open. The ball is delivered on time by Chance Sumner, a high-spirited, F-bomb-dropping, 3.0-class player from Colorado Springs, Colorado, and Zup goes across the line for a score. A whoop goes up from his team.

"I wouldn't want to play our guys," Gumby says. "They're awesome. Fucking awesome."

Every quadriplegic has a story, a life-changing moment he or she had to overcome to get to this point—this gym in Alabama, and a shot at the U.S. Paralympic team. Mark Zupan was thrown from a pickup truck. Will Groulx had a motorcycle accident. Bryan Kirkland crashed in a motocross race. Chance Sumner was thrown from a mechanical bull. And Kerri Morgan, the only woman in camp—the only woman ever to try out for the U.S. national team—suffers from a rare spinal-cord dysfunction. She's wiry and wears a blue bandanna around her head. Morgan, who teaches in the occupational-therapy department at Washington University in St. Louis, is classified as a 2.0, but she's not strong enough to keep up with the male 2.0s. (For that reason, all female athletes are reduced an additional .5. A female player classified as a 2.0 plays as a 1.5, but maximum points still cannot exceed 8.0.) Wheelchair rugby rules state that a Paralympic team can have 11 players or 12, provided the 12th is a woman.

"It's nice to see a girl out here," says Scott Hogsett, a longtime member of the U.S. team, "but she's so light, she just gets pushed around. When you take the floor, because it is a physical game, you want to put the fear of God in your opponent. A girl who weighs 95 pounds doesn't put the fear of anyone in anyone."

In short, Morgan could cost the team when it faces Canada or Australia in Beijing. Those bruisers would destroy her before she even got over half court. And this year, there's no room for error. The United States may be ranked No. 1 in the world, but the Aussies and the Canadians and the Brits—not to mention New Zealand, which upset Canada for gold in 2004—are cracking their knuckles and setting their sights on an upset in September.

It could happen, for sure, but it's going to take a lot more than it did four years ago. Athens was a major disappointment, but in hindsight, the Americans's semifinal loss to Canada looks almost inevitable. There was the *Murderball* movie crew following the team's every move, recording everything the players said. There was the overblown rivalry with Canada, then coached by an American, a former member of the U.S. squad. And the U.S. team was fairly young and inexperienced.

This time, though, there is none of that. This time, it's just a team playing a sport like any other, with a ball and a clock, a winner and a loser. That's why this gym is so perfect: Everyone here is just an athlete again, his wheelchair merely a piece of equipment, like hockey skates or a football helmet. The distractions are gone, and all that matters is winning.



## Four on the Floor

Inside wheelchair rugby—the rules, the regulations, the rigs

### 10 Basic Rules

- 1 Games have eight-minute quarters.
- 2 There are four timeouts for each team, plus one extra for each overtime played.
- 3 One point is scored when the goal line is crossed by any two wheels of the ballcarrier's wheelchair.
- 4 Players must dribble or pass every ten seconds or it's a turnover.
- 5 Teams must advance the ball past half-court in 15 seconds or it's a turnover.
- 6 Teams have ten seconds to inbound the ball or it's a turnover.
- 7 Teams must score within 40 seconds after the ball is inbounded or it's a turnover.
- 8 Offensive players cannot be in the key longer than ten seconds or it's a turnover.
- 9 More than three defenders in the key is a penalty. Players get out of the penalty box when the opposition scores or after one minute.
- 10 Hitting an opposing player's chair behind the axles (a spin) is a turnover or a penalty.

Quad rugby is a full-contact sport, but no personal contact is allowed: Slapping, punching, gouging, biting, etc., will result in penalties.

### Eligibility

A common misconception about quadriplegics is that they have no use of any of their limbs—this is not the case. Quadriplegics have a disability that affects all four limbs, to varying degrees. To play quad rugby, one must have some dysfunction in all four limbs. Thus amputees, post-polio, and people with a range of disabilities are eligible to play, though most players have sustained cervical spinal-cord injuries.

### Equipment

Players use customized wheelchairs designed to withstand heavy impact. The wheels are covered with plastic or metal guards to protect the spokes, and the chairs have front ram plates to block opponents' chairs. In some cases, the ram plates are outfitted with hooks to latch on and hold opposing chairs. The chairs also have casters in the front and rear to prevent players from being knocked over—but if you've ever seen a quad-rugby match, you know they don't always work.



Players are frequently awarded in quad rugby, as Cohn (above) was in the 2006 world championships final, where he and teammate Matt Wilmoth (opposite) helped the United States win the gold medal.



Zupan is the U.S. team's outspoken leader. Cohn (above), II, gave chase against Japan.



"Ultimately, we're a much better team now," says Zup. "In Athens, if we got down, we couldn't come back. The team at Worlds [in 2006]—we could come back, because we believed in ourselves. Now ... we're just that good."

At 10:30 A.M. on day three, the group gathers in a gray conference room just off the gym floor. Gumby and his assistants sit at the front of the room, while the players cluster near the back, as far away as possible from the coach.

"First off, thank you very much," Gumby says, his voice wavering. "Your sacrifices, your hard work, your energy, your lives, mean something. It's an honor to share this part of our lives with each other."

Gumby announces his choices. Eleven of them—Kerri Morgan is not going to make the trip. Will Groulx, of course, is going to Beijing, along with five other veterans of the 2004 team, and four guys who helped win the Worlds in 2006. The lone newbie on the team is the rising star Wilmoth—at 18, the youngest player ever selected for the squad.

Next stop, Beijing and, they hope, redemption. 

Interview



R

# The Mouse That Dared

Don Cheadle is among the finest of a generation of actors' actors, independently minded and in it for the game, not the glory. With this month's *Traitor*, he may be taking his biggest risk yet.

By Joshua Rothkopf

"Doesn't it scare you," Don Cheadle asks, "working with evil forces?" He's talking to John C. Reilly about stage magic in *Boogie Nights*, and honestly seems impressed. Cheadle's porn stud-cum-stereo salesman, Buck Swope, was his breakout performance. That role—along with 1995's *Devil in a Blue Dress*, in which he played Denzel Washington's deranged sidekick "Mouse" Alexander—put him on the map for good. Since then, he's mastered both substance, with an Oscar-nominated turn in 2004's *Hotel Rwanda*, and style, as part of the *Ocean's 11* franchise's neo-Rat Pack. But evil forces are exactly what this thoughtful 43-year-old wants to wrestle with, at least in his work: *Traitor*, Cheadle's latest, takes on nothing less than post-9/11 terrorism. And his role is one that would scare most of his contemporaries silly. *Penthouse* recently spoke with the actor, slightly exhausted from night shoots on his forthcoming film *Brooklyn's Finest*, about life's essentials: creating good work, gaining respect, and having a team of talented people do your bidding.

In *Traitor*, you play a bitter ex-Army Muslim double agent who might be a terrorist but is still the hero. How do you continue to find roles that are so likable?

[Laughs] The question of the character's heroism is intriguing, because I don't know if that word clearly applies to him. The other tenets he's made a commitment to uphold—his faith, primarily—have put him in direct conflict with what he's doing.

Which is helping to bring about another September 11, essentially. Yeah. So to whom or what is he a traitor? Who gets sold out? What ideals, morals, philosophies, allegiances, are being betrayed?

I wonder if it will be misunderstood.

Potentially. Unless you're talking a summer movie like *Iron Man* or some huge CGI movie, every movie is a tricky sell. But *Traitor* plays more on the level of a thriller than it does on a political level. It's not really about ideology as much as putting the audience in the same position as my character, and letting them feel how he keeps it together. Or doesn't.

Almost like a *Bourne* movie.

It's sort of like the black *Bourne*, but it's in a slightly more realistic world.

Would you be happy to be called "the black Bourne" from now on? I think I'd be happier if Matt Damon were called "the white Mouse."

On it. Meanwhile, between *Traitor* and *Hotel Rwanda*, you seem to be drawn to political material. Are politics a priority for you these days?

I wouldn't say that. First and foremost, I think the job of a movie is to entertain. And that doesn't necessarily mean deep social relevance. Those aren't my marching orders. I don't step out there and declare, "The next movie I'm doing, I want to address global warming, because we haven't done a good global-warming movie yet." But if one came along? Absolutely.

You do drive a Prius.

We're about to get another one.

A two-Prius household?

Actually, our Prius was totaled.

Come on! How does something like that happen, you environmentally conscious speed demon?

I'll let you call my wife to get the full details [laughs]. But the Prius was very safe, and she was fine. It did what it was supposed to do. It crumpled in the right places—let's say that.

Are you going to hate me if I ask you about Obama?

Not necessarily, but I won't necessarily answer every question.

Fair enough. Does this election give you hope?

Definitely. Regardless of the outcome, I think what's been amazing is the amount of involvement that so many people who have never even been a part of the political process have now. And that's due in no small part to Barack. So yeah, I'm very heartened that people are participating—and even more heartened when I think my boy's going to do it.

You think he's going to go all the way?

I do.

Speaking of going all the way—and how's that for the most awkward transition ever?—you have no idea how many times, inspired by *Boogie Nights*, we yell at bankers who insist we're "pornographers."

That film was a great experience and Paul [Thomas Anderson] is obviously a gifted director. He had a vision that I don't think anyone could have anticipated. When I first got the script, I called Julianne Moore, who I'd done some theater with, and asked, "What's up with this dude?" Because I really wasn't sure about him. I mean, my parents are still alive. I can't just be in some movie about porn.



Do you still get nervous about being miscast?

I think nervousness and neuroses are just a part of the game. As actors, we're more often than not in the position of being the low man on the totem pole—except for the five or six stars we could all name as being first. You always feel a bit like it's a house built on sand, which is why I formed my own production company.

One of the projects you're fast-tracking is a biopic about Miles Davis.

**"I never walk away from a movie and say, 'Nailed that motherfucker.' I always feel like there's something I could've done better."**

I've played music my whole life. I grew up playing in jazz bands—not trumpet, but sax. So when the opportunity to make this movie came along, it was kind of a no-brainer.

**And you'll be directing, too. Are you one of those actors who secretly wants to direct?**

Far from it. The directing thing is tough. It takes a huge amount of time, and I don't want to spend four months away from my kids. A lot happens in four months of a kid's life. Both of my parents were around when I was growing up, and I think I benefited hugely from it. The best outcome for me would be to have a think tank and a great team of writers and directors who would let me just sit back and be the idea man and reap all the benefits.

**Have them do your bidding while you buy a really comfy chair. Yeah. I want some freedom-type shit.**

**You bring a lot of dignity to your roles. But do you ever want to challenge yourself with a character who's deeply flawed?**

I feel there are deep flaws in all of the characters I play. I seek them out. I've yet to meet a human being that doesn't have some sick-ass flaws—including myself and my kids. That's the great thing about being human, that we're this swirled-up mix of beautiful and ugly. The exciting thing for me as an actor is to try to make the role's range as elastic as possible. If the guy's terrific, try to find out where he's Mussolini. If he's evil, try to find where he's MLK.

**Do directors seek you out for that vulnerable Don Cheadle feeling?**

Wow. Good question. I think a lot of times, people want me in a role that hasn't been well developed because they're like, "Well, he'll do some interesting shit with it." You know?



Cheadle's "Mouse" Alexander crackled on-screen with Denzel Washington in *Devil in a Blue Dress*. Soon after, his career caught fire.

**Like let you write it?**

Yeah. "You go figure this part out, Don. I don't quite know what it is, but you handle that." And on one hand, that's a compliment. But on another, it's like, "Really? Am I going to get extra dough for that? Am I going to get a credit?" So actually, these days it's about finding the roles where I need the part as much as it needs me.

**Do you ever feel exploited?**

Not by others. I mean, there's no duress here. Look, I'm not going to sit here and blow smoke up my own ass. But honestly, I'm never completely satisfied with myself. I never walk away from

a movie and say, "Nailed that motherfucker." I always feel like there's something I could have done better. All I can see is what I didn't do, and where I was trying to get to that I wasn't able to get to. I try to look at the totality. Acting is a bigger job than just showing up and saying you learned it, and hitting the marks.

**Is this the future director in you talking?**

Yes, but also the actor. If a movie doesn't work, a stranger is not going to walk up to the producer or the director and say, "Your movie sucks." They're going to walk up to me. So for self-preservation, I'm always trying to push a production until it comes off. I want to be able to stroll down the street—even in New York—and not have to wear a disguise.

**And how exactly does an actor take a greater interest like that?**

By examining how your character plugs into the story. There are many times when I'll wonder why my character is even in the scene to begin with. What's the narrative that we're trying to tell? What does this scene have to do with it? A lot of times, I'm actually lobbying to cut myself out of scenes, if they don't serve the overall story. And that's pure script analysis: Aristotle and *Poetics*.

**I've never heard of an actor doing that. But you must know what you're doing. You seem to be at the perfect level of fame right now, if that can be said to exist. Are you comfortable with your level of celebrity?**

Not always. But whatever. It's only when you want to be a private person and not think about how you're chewing a piece of steak when people are staring at you—that's when you don't want it. I really don't want to be dealing with autographs when I'm dropping my kids off at school or taking them to the museum. I would love to be able to turn it on and off.

**Not going to happen. You're famous now.**

But I'm not *that* famous. And having worked with people who are extremely so, I see the difference. I love those guys; those guys are my friends. But I wouldn't want to trade with them.

**Did you get wrapped up in the Oscar stuff around *Hotel Rwanda* or *Crash*?**

Everyone I know in Hollywood seems to be having second thoughts about Oscars. What are they? Why are we seeking them? Even in the industry, it doesn't necessarily translate to a wider public. The show's really just about stars dressing up and showing off some plumage.

**So then why do you act?**

That's a question I ask myself every day. I know that when I started out, on stage in junior high, the most thrilling aspect was to be a storyteller. And that's still the best thing about it now. The business makes it less fun every day. But the chance to tell stories pushes me on. That, and to see an audience have that transcendent—well, maybe that's too high-minded a word—transportive experience. To have them say, Wow, I actually forgot about my life for two hours and actually believed I was watching real people act this stuff out. Or, even better, having them feel more in touch with their lives.

**Your connection to the audience sounds like that of a theater actor. I understand you used to be a stand-up comedian, too. For three weeks!**

**So you just kicked ass at it and got bored with it, right?**

[Laughs] I did it for two weeks, and then the third week wasn't so hot, so I was done with it.

**You quit on it. Quitter.**

I think it quit on me. And I agreed, happily. 



# The Sure Thing

When 13 friends gather in Vegas for the ultimate bachelor-party weekend, someone is bound to get laid, right? Right?

By Jonah Keri • Illustrations by Coulas & Lourdes

## Keri's 13

The author recruited a rogue's gallery of buddies to fly to Vegas for their pal's bachelor party. Here's the crew:

**JONAH**  
Trip organizer; your humble narrator. Married, with children on the not-too-distant horizon, so this is a momentous weekend—doubly so since he didn't have a bachelor party.

**THE BACHELOR**  
Made stunning transformation from science fiction-obsessed geek to genuine player—a Wall Street VP with many notches on his bedpost. Recent left-turn toward marriage almost as stunning.

**THE CEO**  
Barely in his mid-thirties, yet already running his third company. Has a way of inserting himself into every conversation.

**FEARLESS**  
Nicknamed for his ability to approach and charm any group of women, no matter how good-looking. Diminutive stature (five' three) belies ability to command a room.

**PRETTY BOY**  
Best-looking in the group; strong, silent type. Getting laid in Vegas, for him, will be like shooting fish in a barrel—with a howitzer.

**ZENMASTER**  
Massage therapist who practices daily meditation. The guys all root for him, but he never quite closes the deal with the ladies.

**VAL**  
Zenmaster's younger brother—and spiritual

**OPPOSITE**  
Has vowed to be a shark all weekend, firing on all cylinders at all times. We'll see.

**NEG**  
Named for the term for a gentle put-down in Neil Strauss's pickup-artist book *The Game*. The more he pokes fun at women, the more they throw themselves at him.

**CASH**  
A hedge-fund manager and good guy who occasionally lets his inner blowhard get the best of him.

**BOY NAMED SUE**  
The Bachelor's cousin; meeting most of the group for the first time. He earns his nickname via a 5:15 A.M. Dexedrine-and-breakfast-sandwich incident.

**GAMES**  
The Bachelor's conniving younger brother. Made money flipping real estate and spends his days collecting rent and surfing dating sites.

**DOCKERS**  
He's married with two kids and lives in a small Colorado town, where he's early to bed, early to rise. Cripplingly poor fashion sense; even worse ability to handle his liquor.

**DARTS**  
A successful real estate agent and former competitive bodybuilder. Darts aims at as many girls as possible, again and again, until he lands one.

**T**hey walked slowly, eight of them, single file, drawing double takes with every step. Surgically enhanced breasts, swimsuit-issue tans, perfectly coiffed hair draped down their backs, waxed and tweezed bodies, dental-floss bikinis leaving little to the imagination. They may have been models. Or strippers. Or maybe, as they're known in Vegas, "professionals." Whatever they were, every guy was gawking, dribbles of drool forming at the corners of his mouth. Hell, even the girls were staring.

They were promenading past our poolside chairs, and we expected them to keep right on chugging out of view. But a funny thing happened. They screeched to a halt right in front of us. The caboose on the temptation train stopped right next to our pal Zenmaster, the most available—and needy—bachelor in our group. He found himself inches from the caboose of the caboose—two perfectly round, evenly bronzed cheeks, bisected by a white-and-red thong bikini bottom. And then ...

The 13 of us were watching the video we'd taken at the pool. "Wait, what was that?!" Games yelled at the big-screen TV, cackling. Caboose Girl had flashed a signal to the camera just before the clip went black. We replayed it: Same eight Fembots, same dudes drooling, same ass tormenting our man Zen. Then came the flip. "Dude, she gave you the finger!"

With one gesture, that anonymous, smoking-hot, none-too-pleased temptress summed up our entire trip. Thirteen guys, most of us friends since grade school, flew to Las Vegas for the bachelor party of the group's biggest player. The plan was straight out of the standard Vegas playbook: three days of heroic drinking, three nights of partying till sunrise, and, for the single guys, at least three hook-ups each—but no paying for it. How'd it go? Read on for the play-by-play.

## FRIDAY

**9:15 P.M.**: Just about everyone made camp by 5:30 P.M., and now, less than four hours later, Zenmaster, Val, and Pretty Boy stumble back to our rooms, stinking drunk. Dinner isn't happening, so the rest of us throw down vodka-Red Bulls and chips. We're supposed to go to Pure, the ultra-trendy Caesar's Palace club, as early as possible to get in, and we're yelling at the blotto boys to get ready.

**10:35 P.M.**: Michael Ferrulli, our host from [VegasPassport.com](#), came through in a big way, zipping us right past Pure's line—which was 2,000 strong (really)—and straight into the club. After a few drinks, Fearless and I set out to round up some talent. We spot a pair of gorgeous blondes, and Fearless, all five foot three of him, walks right over, true to his name. Seconds later, Nicole and Brandi are at our table.

**Midnight**: While Val and the CEO chat up the blondes, Cordell, our VIP table guard for the night, ushers Andrea, Stevie, and Sofia to seats at our table. Andrea is a cute blonde with attitude to spare. Stevie is taller, flightier, and wearing a skimpier outfit. Sofia is a petite brunette, and clearly several drinks into her evening. It's the first night, and we are definitely on pace to achieve our goals.

**12:20 A.M.**: There's a stirring in the crowd. A man in a cream-colored suit rounds the corner, headed in our direction at the front of a small entourage. We catch a straight-on view of the tattoo on his face: Mike Tyson is in the house. As he passes our group, I can't resist. I yell, "Hey, Iron Mike! I took down Super Macho Man; I can take you down, too!" It's a reference to one of the all-time great Nintendo video games, *Mike Tyson's Punch-out!*, but I've blurted it out without taking into account that he might not know

what the fuck I'm talking about. Sure enough, Iron Mike extends an arm and stops his entourage. *Shit.* I decide it's a good time for a bathroom break, and in my haste (okay, panic), I plow into Fearless, who, remember, stands about five foot three. I'm six four. Down goes Fearless, glass flying and vodka dousing Andrea. As I'm helping him up, he wants to know what my major malfunction is, and Andrea gets right in my grille, shrieking. But I hardly hear either one as I glance over my shoulder at Iron Mike and company. Fortunately, they've moved on. Maybe he didn't hear me after all. Good thing—my insurance doesn't cover facial-reconstruction surgery. Now it is time for a bathroom break.

**12:55 A.M.**: A magician shows up at our table and immediately gains first-ballot entry into the Cockblock Hall of Fame. First he takes a lit cigarette and jabs it into Fearless's shirt, only to pull it back out, with shirt and butt in pristine condition. Then he performs an elaborate trick that ends with a dollar bill in the middle of a lemon. The seven women at our table, including two comely Canadians, are enraptured. Obviously, the vodka is doing us more harm than good right now: We are flat-footed enough to get cockblocked by a fucking *magician*. Next, the Amazing Kreskin pours an entire glass of vodka-cranberry into a rolled-up newspaper, shakes out the newspaper, re-rolls it, then pours the vodka-cranberry back into the glass. Okay, that one was actually pretty good, but still ... this is an all-time low. The game is getting away from us.

**2:55 A.M.**: Redemption in sight! Val is on the fast track to our first hook-up of the weekend, making out with a well-built Asian woman in her thirties. She's making signals to leave. There's no way he can screw this up.

Spoiler alert: He screws it up.

Or maybe she did. When they got back to his room and things started heating up, she began making a noise that Val described as "howler monkey-esque." He'd stop what he was doing and the noise would stop. But as soon as he started again, so would the noise. "It was a deal breaker," he said. "I was trying not to crack up. Total boner-killer." She left in a huff.

**5:15 A.M.**: I wake up on the sofa bed in the living room of our suite when the Bachelor and his cousin come storming in. After his flight arrived late, the cousin had whisked the Bachelor

away to more vodka and a couple of hours at the roulette tables. Now, the cousin wants to watch *SportsCenter* and order \$25 bacon-and-egg sandwiches from room service. He is *loud*, and he will not be denied. I later discover he is hopped up on Dexedrine.

"Go crash in the bedroom, dude, we need the TV!" he says diplomatically.

Yeah, nice to meet you, too. I rechristen him Boy Named Sue, in honor of noted Dex addict Johnny Cash.

I shuffle off to the bedroom, drunk, dead-tired, and ... unaware of the chair coming up on my left. Owww!

### SATURDAY

**9:12 A.M.**: The alcohol has worn off and, as light fills the room, pain takes full residence of my head and my toe. I inspect the damage. The toe is purple and black and three times its regular size. Later, I find out it's broken. I am now lugging around a small eggplant on the end of my left foot.

**2:30 P.M.**: We're back at the MGM Grand pool for another afternoon of drinking, soaking up rays, and feasting on eye candy. We recognize that we're in Vegas and there are other options, but this works just fine for us. We could gamble, but if the choice is to spend \$50 on a cover charge and drinks here, knee deep in hot, bikini-clad women, or lose far more than that at the tables while staring at Nikolai, the grumpy Russian dealer, we know what we'd rather do.

**7:55 P.M.**: Dockers pulls up to the hotel. He's dressed in an ancient gray shirt, gray tie, Dockers (of course), and what appear to be his dad's loafers. We all gather round to welcome him. "What's up, Urkel?"

**8:30 P.M.**: We establish a beachhead at CatHouse. The place is a restaurant/lounge/club modeled after a nineteenth-century French bordello. There are insanely beautiful women interspersed throughout, behind panes of glass, adjusting their lingerie and makeup in old-timey mirrors. The group fans out and gets to work on some pre-dinner skirt chasing. The scene looks promising.

**11:15 P.M.**: After meeting up for dinner, we head to the lounge area. We're all



sporting bright T-shirts with slogans on them and crazy hats (see sidebar), which make us look like some kind of traveling sideshow, but at least we're more interesting than the other stiffs. A bachelorette party from the restaurant pulls up right next to us, and we quickly merge our groups. Things move along quite nicely. Guys are kissing girls; girls are kissing girls. Games starts getting cozy with a blonde. "Games!" CEO yells out, offering encouragement. The girl pulls away, suddenly noticing the nickname on the back of his shirt, and says, "Games? Oh, you're some kind of player? Asshole!" She storms off. Games has long been considered the biggest cockblocker of the group, and he's just been cockblocked—by his own shirt. Poetic justice.

**1:30 A.M.**: CatHouse is a great scene, but Darts and Neg decide they want to find a place where the girls are "dirtier." They convince the group to relocate to Studio 54, a huge, multi-level club at MGM Grand that's as dirty as any in Vegas.

**2:45 A.M.**: Studio 54 hasn't disappointed. The dirty quota has been met, and exceeded. One girl pulls out



A magician shows up at our table and immediately gains first-ballot entry into the Cockblock Hall of Fame.

her left breast and asks Darts to lick it, in the middle of the dance floor. She is covered in tattoos, including one on her right thigh, but they're hard to see in the dimly lit club.

"What's that one?" Darts inquires.  
"It's my garden."  
"Your what?"  
"My pussy. I want you to lick my pussy."

Um, okay! Darts is going to leave with a girl who has her hoochah tattooed on her leg. It's a lock, right?

**3:30 A.M.**: Darts whisked the Tattooed Lady back to her hotel room. As soon as the door closes behind them, they start ripping each other's clothes off. The Kat Von D wannabe says she's going to the bathroom to freshen up (translation: insert inked-up diaphragm). She emerges five minutes later and finds Darts in her bed—fast asleep. She tries waking him, yelling, shaking him, but he won't wake up.

When he finally does come to, at dawn, he stumbles to the bathroom and finds two prominently displayed items—a vibrator and a note: "Thanks for falling asleep. Show yourself out."

### SUNDAY

**11:00 A.M.**: We meet Michael from Vegas Passport, this time to get into Rehab. This pool party at Hard Rock earned its name as the place where late-night partiers go to sober up on Sunday mornings. As we'll soon discover, Rehab is pretty much the opposite of what its name suggests. We zoom to the front of the line, scooping out the lovelies waiting to get in. I thought the talent at CatHouse was top-flight, but Rehab, well, it is several orders of magnitude greater. God bless America.

**2:05 P.M.**: Zenmaster gets corralled. Her name is Jule; she claims to be a psychiatrist—a claim that no one, including her, even pretends to believe. She looks like she's had eight drinks already.

**2:50 P.M.**: Dockers makes a brief appearance. Last night, he drank himself out of the game early and missed the entire second half. His short stay at Rehab consists of sitting in the shade, trying not to puke. Then he limps back to the hotel to nap. That's the last time we'll see him on the trip, and it's not the first time he's flaked out on us. In 2002, he drank so much in the first 20 minutes of a bachelor party that he missed the whole thing—and that was his own bachelor party.

**4:00 P.M.**: Jule has moved on to Pretty Boy, and they are now making out on a chaise longue in the middle of our group. Ever the gentleman, he has draped a towel over their heads for maximum privacy.

**5:19 P.M.**: We're all back at the hotel, ready for more cocktails and some chill time in our suite's Jacuzzis. Jule went to her hotel, but she texts us: *Showering then coming to hang out!*

**11:30 P.M.**: Jule and her friends never show—but we have VIP access to another club, Body English at Hard Rock, so we leave without them. We're in the roped-off section, chug-

ging more vodka-Red Bulls (if the liver damage doesn't get you, the irregular heartbeat will), when UFC welterweight champion Georges St. Pierre, fleeing a few overzealous fans, takes refuge in our booth. We talk a little—some of the guys grew up in Quebec, like St. Pierre—and then he moves on, seeing the coast is now clear. That was fun.

**1:50 A.M.**: Games brings a blonde and a brunette back to the booth. Games and the blonde inch closer together while Zenmaster and Fearless flirt with the brunette. Soon, Zenmaster starts licking and sucking the blonde's feet and ankles. The blonde jumps up, grabs the blonde, and tells the guys they have to go to the bathroom. Apparently she's not a foot fetishist. Twenty minutes later, Games spots both of them on a couch upstairs, making out with two dudes.

### MONDAY

**9:00 P.M.**: We're up early to say our good-byes and check our score sheets. We're stunned to discover that—it hurts to say it—no one hooked up. Brutal. But we shake it off. Thirteen of us celebrated the last bachelor weekend for the ultimate bachelor. There will be other trips, for sure.

"Next time," says Neg, "we'll make sure they're not so classy."

### EPILOGUE

For most of us, the weekend is over. But Darts is staying one more night, with one more chance to redeem the group's honor. He slips into Jet, the trendy club at the Mirage, wearing a tie-dyed T-shirt with the words "Ultimate Freakshow" across the front and, thanks to my largesse, the Hat—the one with the purple rhinestones and mini-handcuffs. He was sure Jet's bouncers would take one look at him and tell him to keep moving. But no, they let him in.

His what-the-hell attitude serves him well—right off the bat, two hot, twenty-something blondes jump him on the dance floor, then a drop-dead waitress says she loves his hat and buys him a drink. Finally, a little mojo. Then he feels a tap on the shoulder. It's a hottie doctor from Canada who he met earlier in the trip, dancing with three fellow Canuck healers. Darts is zeroing in on a bulls-eye. Eventually, the doc says she has to take her queasy friend back to the hotel. Drag. "Want to come with?" Score!

The friend somehow vanishes en route to the hotel, but neither Darts

nor the doc minds. This is it. The losing streak is about to be snapped. They start making out in front of her room. Just a matter of getting inside now ... "Stop!" she cries suddenly. "We shouldn't do this. I have a boyfriend." Not in Vegas you don't. Darts points out, helpfully. They start up again. "No, wait! We can't!" Fed up, Darts drops the flaky doc and splits. He boards the \$2 bus that roams the Strip all night, and the driver asks Darts how his night went. "Shutout," is all he says.

Or so he thought. When he passes through the doors of his hotel, two Tyra Banks look-alikes greet him. "I like your hat," one says. Of course she does. Everyone likes the fucking hat. Doesn't mean Darts is going to get laid. He makes a bit of small talk, thinking this is a minor detour before bed, but then one of them suggests a drink. A few drinks later, all three of them are up in his room.

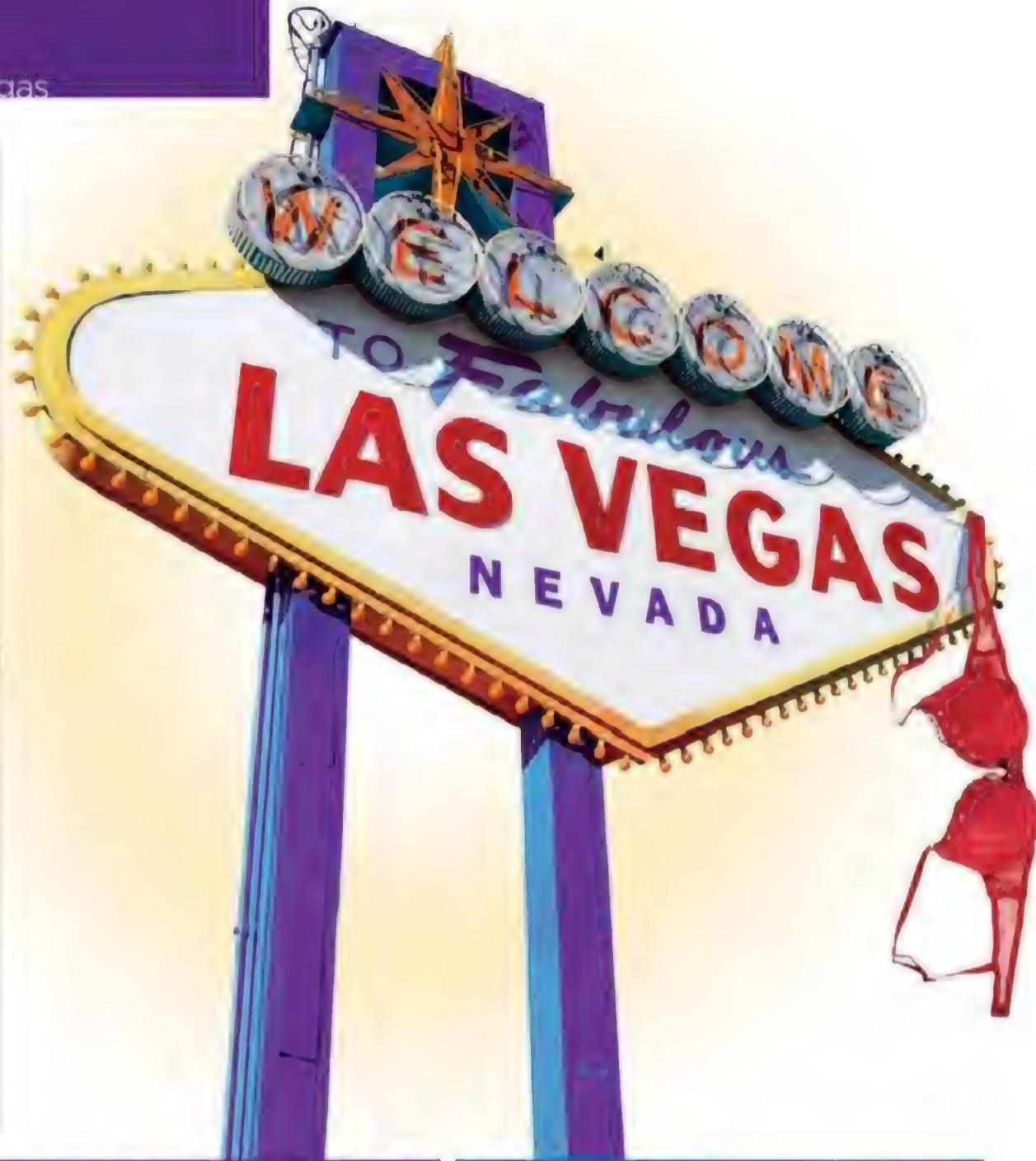
*Holy shit, he thinks, the streak is about to end in style—with the first threesome of my life! Yes!*

One of the Tyras puts her hand on Darts's shoulder and leans in.

*This is it! Here we go!*

"We should talk about price first," she whispers.

A minute later, the Tyras are out the door. One last stomach punch to end the weekend. **OH**



## What Happens in Vegas... Starts With a Little Planning

Five tips for your Sin City bachelor-party weekend

**NEVER LOSE SIGHT OF JOB NO. 1: MAKE SURE THE BACHELOR IS HAPPY**  
This serves the dual purpose of sticking to the goal of the weekend, and settling any would-be disputes over planned activities. Try as you might, it's impossible to find pastimes that work perfectly for every member of a big bachelor-party group. If anyone gripes about compromising, remind him it's all about the bachelor, and that you're in Vegas. No holds barred.

**OUTSOURCE AS MANY TASKS AS POSSIBLE**  
A fully stocked fridge and liquor cabinet let you pre-game in your room before hitting the town. Instead of spending hours combing liquor stores or supermarkets, lugging supplies around the Strip, get someone to do it for you. Mike Kline runs VegasOccasions.com, a service that will buy all your food and drink items, deliver

them to your room, and load them into your fridge. The fee is reasonable and well worth it in hassles avoided.

**BYPASS LINES**  
"You didn't come to Vegas to wait in line." So goes the slogan of VegasPassport.com, and they have a point. Pony up for their services for the weekend, and watch doors fly open for your group. Host Michael Ferrulli got this group into packed clubs and in-demand parties all weekend, huge challenges had they tried to go it alone with 13 guys. On Friday night they bypassed a line of at least 2,000 people and slipped right into Pure at Caesar's Palace, where they got VIP bottle service at a big discount.

**PEACOCK, PEACOCK, PEACOCK**  
Peacocking is the art of dressing loudly to draw attention. The more imaginative you are, the more you'll stand out.

That's a good thing when you're sailing through venues packed with women. Montreal-based apparel companies Cocky Brand and Lucky 7 Clothing furnished our guys with T-shirts emblazoned with such slogans as "Call Me Mr. Lucky" and "Wait, It Gets Bigger." The shirts started conversations wherever they went. The companies also provided hats for the group, everything from fedoras to bowlers to the kingpin of all lids, a black cowboy hat festooned above the rim with purple rhinestones and a set of mini-handcuffs.

**REHAB**  
There are plenty of great nightclubs in Vegas. But Rehab, the Sunday pool party at the Hard Rock Hotel & Casino, will blow you away. Line up early to get chairs. Or if you're a big group with some disposable income, seek out table-side service with lots of chairs, or a fully loaded cabana. Either way, make sure you go.

## By the Numbers

A final tally of the crucial stats for our Vegas bachelor-party weekend

Canadian girls:

17

Bachelorette parties:

8

Female doctors:

4

Fake psychiatrists:

1

Girls picked up who turned out to be pros:

3

Girls who asked to have their picture taken with the author and his hat:

8

Girls who asked to have their picture taken with only the hat:

21

Girls who posed for pictures, total:

44

Compliments on the hat, from girls:

89

Compliments on the hat, from guys:

23

Pre-weekend cockblock

leaderboard odds:  
Games [even], field 6/1

**COCKBLOCK RESULTS:**  
CEO 8  
Games 4  
field 3

**CELEBRITY SIGHTINGS:**

Mike Tyson,  
Steve Wynn and son,  
UFC fighter  
Georges St. Pierre,  
Don Johnson,  
Jack Osbourne,  
Tommy Lee

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# star on the rise

Two years ago, in February 2006, we introduced the world to Kayden Kross, an exotic dancer and psych student who had done her very first nude photo shoot. After that, her adult-entertainment career took off, and we're thrilled to have her back.

Photographs by Emma Nixon





"I love what I do! My favorite things about working in porn are the men, the money, and the travel—and, yes, I really put them in that order. The men are definitely number one."





"This really is the perfect career for me. My favorite way to work out is sex, and my favorite way to relax is sex. I can get it all done while I'm working!"







"I could never pick one most amazing sexual experience. In fact, I know a lot of people think porn stars fake it, but some of my scenes have been absolutely phenomenal!"



"I'm pretty easy to please on a date. I like for things to be spontaneous, so I skip any place that requires reservations. The only thing I plan on is sex, the key ending to any good date."

**q Kayden Kross**  
Pet of the Month  
September 2008

Vital stats:

32D-22-34

22 years old; 5'5"

Hometown:

Sacramento, California.

Favorite food:

Sushi.

Favorite drink:

Starbucks.

Favorite sound:

Absolute silence.

Favorite music:

Any and all forms of rock.

Favorite sports:

Tennis and horseback riding.

If you won a million dollars, you'd:

Open a horse rescue.

Biggest turn-on:

Men in suits.

Biggest turnoff:

Bad grammar.

Favorite fantasy:

Fucking a gorgeous stranger all night long ... then never seeing him again.

If you could have sex with anyone, past or present:

Kurt Cobain.

Were you a wild teenager?

Only when it came to experimenting sexually. Otherwise, I got straight As, played varsity tennis, and had an after-school job.

**Kayden Kross**

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SEPTEMBER 2008 PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH



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SEPTEMBER 2008 PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH



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Vancouver's Insite (above) is the first legal supervised-injection facility in North America. Scenes like the one on the opposite page are common in Vancouver's Downtown Eastside, home to an estimated 10,000 drug addicts.



# Vancouver

The idyllic city of Vancouver has a surprisingly nasty drug problem—and an even more surprising way of dealing with it. As the city prepares to host the 2010 Olympics, the world will be watching the outcome of its "Amsterdam experiment."

By Vince Beiser

It's a damp, chilly evening in downtown Vancouver, British Columbia, and I'm standing in an alley with Lee and Liane Gladue, a husband-and-wife team of veteran junkies. Their drug of choice is heroin, but tonight they've splurged on a special treat—a couple of shots' worth of cocaine. Lee is slim, with a heavily pocked face and scraggly black hair. Liane is skinny, with shoulder-length brown hair matted under a ski cap and cheekbones that make sharp angles in her gaunt face. Lee squats and breaks a fresh syringe out of its wrapper, pulls the plunger, and pours some coke from a paper bindle into the rig's tube. Then he produces a little plastic vial of sterile water, pierces it with the needle, and dribbles a bit onto the powder, forming a silvery cocktail.

I ask Lee if he's concerned that there's a police station around the corner, just a few hundred yards from where he's rubbing the syringe over his knuckles to encourage the coke to dissolve. He shrugs and says, "They don't really care. Just as long as you don't do it when kids are around."

He points the needle skyward, gives the tube a couple of flicks to get the air bubbles out, then pulls a well-marked arm out of his leather jacket and searches for a vein in the streetlight's uncertain light. Liane has already taken a few unsuccessful jabs at the crook

of her elbow, raising a film of blood. She switches to a vein over her wrist. At almost the same moment, they both hit. Blood curls up into the syringes. They draw back their plungers and push them home.

You can witness variations on this scene in Vancouver's Downtown Eastside anytime, any day, and just about anywhere—on the sidewalk, in convenience-store doorways, at bus stops, and on park benches. These ten square blocks make up one of the poorest neighborhoods in Canada and are home to an estimated 4,700 intravenous drug users as well as thousands of crack addicts.

It's been a world-class health disaster for years—not to mention a public-relations nightmare for a town that's famous for its beautiful mountains and beaches, and one that is gearing up to host the 2010 Olympics. Nearly a third of the Downtown Eastside's inhabitants are estimated to be HIV-positive. Twice that number have hepatitis C. Dozens die of overdoses every year.

In response, Canada's third-largest city has embarked on a radical experiment since the late 1990s, overhauling its police and social-services practices to reframe drug use as primarily a public-health issue, not a criminal one. Both the needle and the water Lee and Liane used were provided, free of charge, by the city. At either end of the alley there was a blue metal box marked Leave Your Discarded Syringes Here.

One of the consequences of Vancouver's experiment is that it has become, by far, North America's most drug-tolerant city. Marijuana possession has been effectively decriminalized. The famous B.C. bud, rivaled in potency only by California's finest, is smoked so widely and openly that the city has earned the nickname Vansterdam.

But that's nothing next to the city's approach to hard drugs. Impelled by the horror show of the Downtown Eastside, prodded by activists, and convinced by reams of academic study, the police and city government have agreed to provide hard-drug users with paraphernalia, a place to use it, and, in some cases, the drugs themselves.

The city hands out more than two million syringes every year and provides clean mouthpieces for crack pipes, all at taxpayers' expense. Around 4,000 opiate addicts get prescription methadone. The Downtown Eastside is also home to the continent's only safe-injection site, where needle freaks can shoot up in a supervised setting. Health officials also recently began a pilot program handing out prescription heroin to addicts, and the mayor was pushing for a stimulant-maintenance program to provide prescription alternatives for cocaine and methamphetamine addicts.

Vancouver has essentially become a gigantic field test for a radical new drug policy—a test that's taking place a half hour's drive from the U.S. border. The policy derives from a school of thought known as harm reduction, which is based on a simple premise: Lots of people use illegal drugs, and that's not going to change. Therefore, it makes sense to try to minimize the damage they inflict on themselves and the rest of us while they're using.

Harm reduction is less about compassion than it is about enlightened self-interest. The logic is this: Give junkies clean needles and crackheads clean mouthpieces not to encourage them, but to deter them from sharing equipment, getting HIV and other diseases, and becoming a burden on the public health system. Provide them a medically supervised place to shoot up so they don't overdose and wind up clogging emergency rooms, leaving their infected needles behind on the sidewalk for kids to pickup.

To support harm-reduction policy, you have to accept the



premise that no matter how intense the war on drugs gets, human beings are going to get high. From winemaking monks to coca-leaf-chewing Bolivian peasants to peyote-chomping Navajos to Valium-popping housewives, there is no shortage of examples to support this premise. As a species we have always sought to expand our limited palette of states of consciousness. It's unlikely that this impulse will disappear anytime soon.

But not everyone is willing to get behind harm reduction's essential proposition. The drug warriors of the United States, for example, cling to the belief that a "drug-free America" is possible, and they prefer prosecution and punishment to harm reduction. Mandatory minimum sentencing and three-strikes laws have sent the number of drug offenders in U.S. prisons skyrocketing in recent years. There are more than half a million Americans currently locked up on narcotics charges. Each one of those prisoners costs taxpayers more than \$20,000 per year—several



## Vancouver has become a gigantic field test for a radical new drug policy—a half hour's drive from the U.S. border.

times the price of providing them treatment. The payback on the billions of dollars we're investing in incarceration is close to zero. Drugs are as abundant as ever in the United States, according to every major study.

At what point do you decide that the war on drugs is not working? There is a small but growing movement in the U.S. that is pushing for more harm reduction-based policies. Voters in California, Arizona, and Maryland recently have passed initiatives mandating treatment instead of incarceration for first-time drug

offenders. Federal funding for needle-exchange programs has been banned since 1989, but 38 states have chosen to finance their own programs; there are currently close to 200 nationwide. A few cities distribute crack-pipe mouthpieces. San Francisco is mulling over opening a supervised-injection site. (Several European countries and Australia already have them.) "There's good empirical evidence to show that these interventions are effective in preventing HIV infections and overdoses, and in cutting down public disorder" like petty crime and discarded needles, says Ethan Nadelmann, executive director of the New York-based Drug Policy Alliance. "The growing legitimacy of this stuff abroad is slowly seeping into the U.S."

Time will tell what effect the harm-reduction policies being enacted in Vancouver will have on U.S. policy. But it's not difficult to understand why the policies were established—one look at the Downtown Eastside will tell you. The area was always sketchy, but the city's booming economy and rapid growth combined to gentrify most of downtown in the 1990s, pushing the dope fiends and crackheads and mentally ill homeless people into an ever-smaller, more densely concentrated island of cheap housing, where their addictions, pathologies, and sundry bad behaviors feed on one another.

Today, the Downtown Eastside protrudes like a gangrenous limb from the city's sleek core. In one block, you pass a well-kept world of chic clothing boutiques, jewelry shops, and high-rise luxury condos—to Planet Junkie. Haggard men with sunken cheeks, missing teeth, and feral expressions along with prematurely aged women in chopped-off miniskirts and ragged stockings, drift along trash-strewn sidewalks beneath abandoned buildings. The only legitimate businesses are check-cashing joints, pawnshops, bars, squalid residential hotels, and 24-hour convenience stores with bars on their doors and windows. In one hour of randomly walking around on a recent morning, I passed more than a dozen people smoking crack or meth in plain view, stepped over countless discarded needles, and declined numerous offers of a whole pharmacopoeia of substances.

Inspector Scott Thompson, the Vancouver Police Department's drug-policy coordinator, acknowledges that the cops rarely bother arresting street-level users. The department focuses instead on traffickers and producers, he says. "If you look at an addicted drug user, who likely has a mental illness, you have to ask, 'What's the best bang for our buck?'" says Thompson. "If we lock them up, it costs between \$75,000 and \$90,000 per year. By dealing with it as a health issue, we'll save a lot of money, and hopefully solve more problems."

If police did want to arrest users, all they'd have to do is stand in front of a storefront discreetly labeled Insite. This is the supervised-injection facility—open 18 hours a day to a steady stream of addicts. Some just come in to grab a fistful of syringes, sterile water tubes, or condoms from one of the buckets by the door. But about 600 times a day, others bring whatever they've just scored out on the street into a clean, well-lit room, take a seat in one of a dozen stainless-steel booths, and shoot up. Two nurses are on hand in case anything goes wrong.

Contrary to the fears of its critics, a flock of peer-reviewed studies have found the program has not led to increased crime or drug use in the area, and has helped reduce needle sharing and overdoses. Moreover, it has provided a gateway into detox programs for a number of addicts. The site has even added a small residential rehab facility.

A couple of blocks away, there's a small clinic hidden behind paper-covered windows on the ground floor of an unmarked, 1930s-era building. Inside, three times a day, nurses behind bulletproof glass hand dozens of addicts a tourniquet, needle, alcohol swab, and a carefully measured dose of pure heroin. The idea behind this experimental maintenance program, which accepts only a small and closely monitored number of participants, is that it will keep the junkies from having to steal or prostitute themselves for a fix, and will free up their time and energy to take advantage of the program's treatment component.

Dr. David Marsh, the program's medical director, says he's already seeing benefits. "They're eating better, getting their health problems dealt with, getting into better housing," he says. "Some are even going back to work. One guy started out homeless, got clean, and now runs a business with 15 employees."

For all the gains of the Vancouver experiment, the entire enterprise is under pressure, and it's not without significant problems or prominent detractors. Stephen Harper, Canada's Conservative prime minister, has denounced the safe-injection site and is pushing for a tougher line against drugs nationwide. That's music to the ears of the Bush administration, which sees Vancouver as a dangerous precedent. Federal drug czar John Walters has called Insite "state-sponsored suicide" and harm reduction in general "acquiescing to the disease of addiction." The United Nations's drug-control board recently complained that the injection site and distribution of crack paraphernalia violate international treaties.

Even some drug users find it hard to swallow. Ashlee Lavin, the strikingly attractive co-owner of Urban Organix, a marijuana-seed emporium near the Downtown Eastside, thinks needle distribution makes sense. "But not giving them free heroin," she says, between hits off a pre-lunch joint she's sharing with a coworker. "I don't think our tax dollars should be funding their habits."

While it is cutting the collateral damage caused by hard drugs—the city's HIV infection rate has fallen by 25 percent, hepatitis C rates have plunged by two-thirds, and the annual number of drug-induced deaths is barely a third of what it was a decade ago—Vancouver is making far less progress in reducing



A volunteer collects used syringes as part of a needle-exchange program. Vancouver distributes more than two million syringes annually, at tax payers' expense.

the number of users. Surveys report that drug use is higher in British Columbia than in the rest of Canada.

Despite all the subsidized paraphernalia, with serious drug users come rip-offs, break-ins, and holdups for fix money, so it's no surprise that Vancouver's break-in rates are the highest of any major city in North America, four times higher than New York City's. The city also has more gun-related crimes per capita than any other city in Canada, with a rate that's almost twice the national average. Vancouver's banks are robbed six times more often than those in Toronto—a problem the Canadian Bankers Association blames on "strung-out drug addicts."

More ominously, the city has seen a surge of gang killings in recent years. Last fall, six people were slaughtered in a drug-related massacre. In January, two notorious dealers were shot dead on a busy sidewalk outside a posh downtown steak house.

The generally relaxed atmosphere around drugs may be part of the reason Vancouver has so many users, says Inspector Dean Robinson, head of the Vancouver Police Department's gang and drugs unit. But he claims programs like Insite aren't to blame for the violence. "Harm-reduction measures don't contribute to crime," he says. With its busy Pacific port and a massive local marijuana industry, Vancouver has become a major supplier of



The Works: a self-injection kit sits on a countertop during the opening ceremonies for Insite.

While it is cutting the collateral damage caused by hard drugs, Vancouver is making far less progress in reducing the number of users.

everything from weed to opiates to meth for the lucrative U.S. market. Robinson says *that* is what gangs are fighting over.

The high property-crime rates, though, underscore why ordinary Vancouverites have a mighty stake in getting their city's drug problem under control. Harm reduction helps, but getting addicts to clean up takes more than free needles. It takes affordable housing, mental-health services, counseling, and treatment, all of which are in short supply. "Yeah, the safe-injection site is being used, but certainly not by a majority," says Robinson. "You'd have to have one on every corner for that. But those resources would be better spent on education, treatment, and courts."

Harm reduction may make a lot of sense, but that's not enough when you're dealing with people whose cravings have long since overridden their good judgment. Which brings us back to Lee and Liane. Once the coke rush has faded and they're able to hold a conversation again, I ask them why they're shooting up in an alley instead of the injection site just a few blocks away. "It's too crowded in there," says Liane. "I didn't want to wait." **OH**



A woman shoots up in Vancouver's Downtown Eastside, near the corner of Main and Hastings—known to many locals as "Pain and Wastings."





# private dancer

Taya Parker, our January Pet of the Month, is accustomed to inspiring long, drawn-out once-overs. Still, something about the lascivious look Angie Savage gives her really gets her juices flowing. Lucky for us, this passionate pas de deux is only in its first act.

Photographs by Emma Nixon

















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# Master Masturbators

If you think watching a girl masturbate is hot—who doesn't?—try watching 100 women play with themselves.

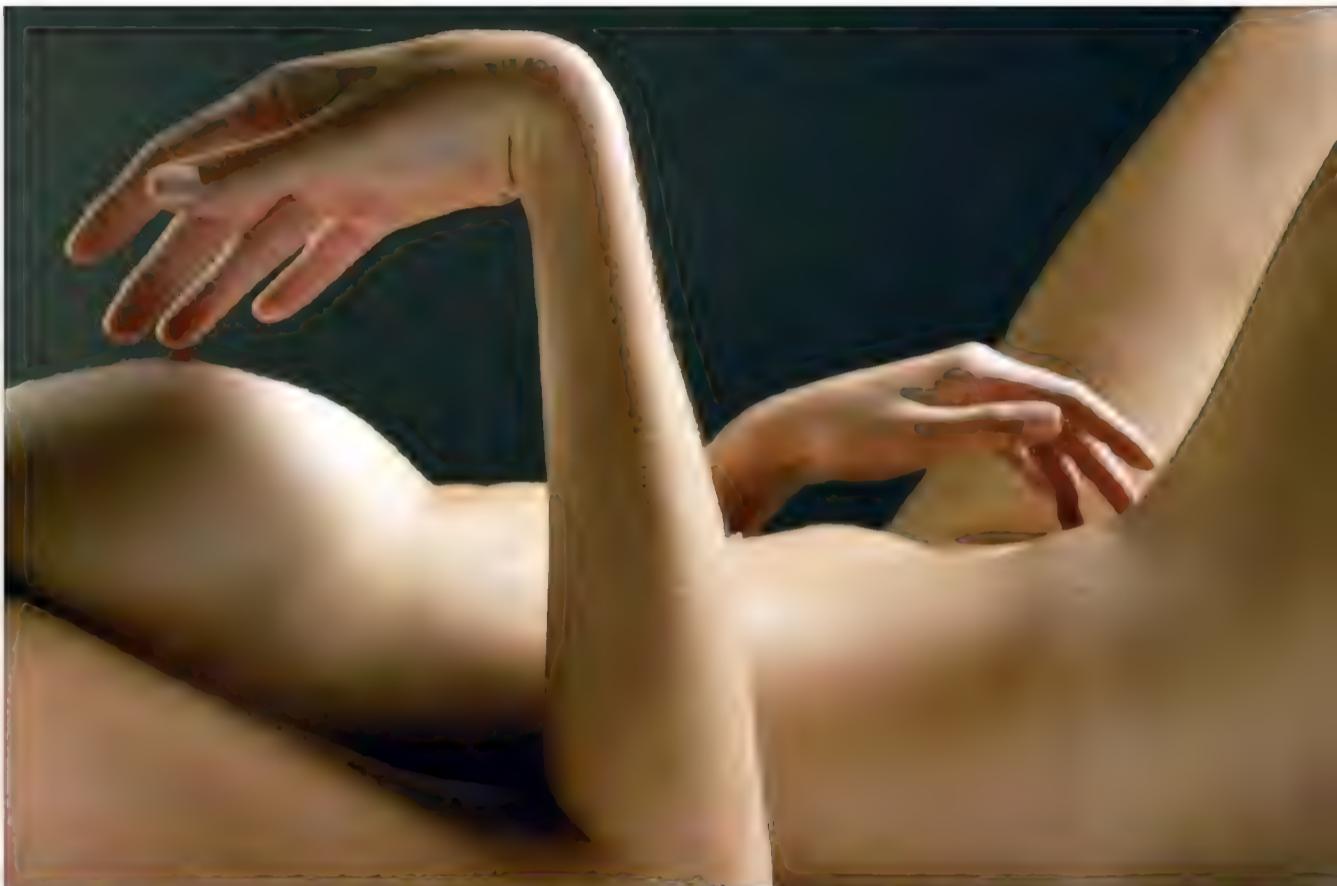
By Anka Radakovich

**A**t the annual Masturbate-a-thon, a benefit for San Francisco's Center for Sex and Culture, hundreds of masturbators tried to break the record for the longest time spent masturbating (eight hours) and most orgasms (49 for a female). Hundreds of excited exhibitionists filled private and public rooms, including an all-girl room in which lusty lesbians did the two-finger tacotango. The biggest room was full of couples, where girls buffed their own muffs and guys worked their own junk. Voyeurs could sit in the bleachers and enjoy the evening's arousing entertainment. Featured masturbators included alt hotties, porn star Nina Hartley, and Kitty Kat, whose act combines retro burlesque striptease and spoken word. If folks in the bleachers got so aroused that they wanted to participate, they were welcome to get hands-on, provided they changed into "erotic clothing" or stripped nude.

No records were broken this year, but the longest-time-masturbating trophy winner was a guy who went for seven hours, and the most-orgasms trophy went to a woman who had "only" 30. The newest trophy, longest distance come to come, was won by a Japanese guy who invented a masturbation sleeve. The trophy itself is in the shape of a hand.

"Last year we gave out a trophy for the longest squirt distance," says Carol Queen, Ph.D., the center's founder. "But nobody female ejaculated this year."

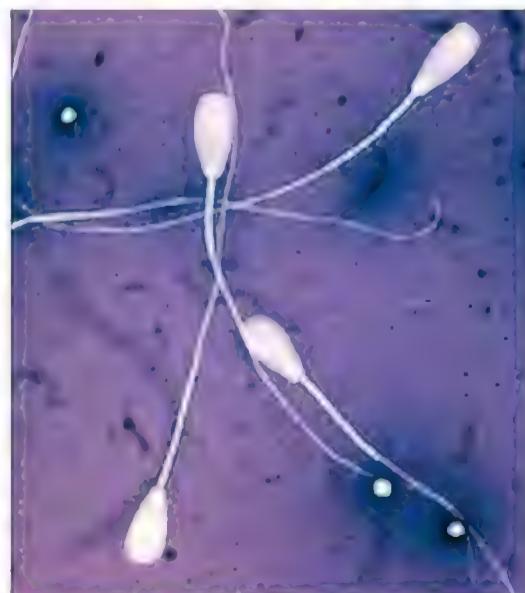
Organizers could not confirm whether or not women were faking it, but one exhausted participant said it didn't matter: "It was a turn-on listening to all those girls coming."



## Is This the End of Mankind?

There's been some chatter in the scientific community about women being able to grow their own sperm. We tried to find out just what that means for modern men.

Earlier this year Professor Karim Nayernia published a paper detailing how his team at the Northeast England Stem Cell Institute, Center for Life, in Newcastle upon Tyne grew primitive sperm cells from male bone-marrow cells. It was part of his research into finding a cure for infertility in men with cancer. He's now applying for permission to run the same test with female bone-marrow cells. But many in the scientific community are skeptical that sperm cells grown from female cells would be viable gametes since they would possess no Y chromosome, making men safe from becoming obsolete for a little longer.



PHOTOGRAPH BY (ABOVE) HANS NELEMAN/GETTY IMAGES. (LEFT) TERNAND VALD/GETTY IMAGES. (TOP RIGHT) BILDE RL/OUTLINE/GETTY IMAGES. (FARRIGHT) RETNA/RETNA LTD/NEADPRESS/RETNA LTD/RETNA. 3DCLINIC/GETTY IMAGES. (RIGHT) DAVID YODELL/NEADPRESS/RETNA LTD/RETNA. IMAGE SOURCE/GETTY IMAGES.



**"I have the libido of a teenage boy I'd rather have sex all the time than leave the house."**  
—*Transformers* vixen  
**Megan Fox**

# Office Space

Just what we need: another reason to work hard and play harder.

Working women think about sex every 14 minutes or so, according to the findings of a survey conducted by an online dating company, and their fantasies suck up about an hour of their workday. You should also know that more than half of the 1,000 women surveyed have an office crush, so don't go to work looking like shit.

# Mind Over Matter

Our new favorite scientists are exploring an easier route to sexual satisfaction.

By Steve Almond

Apparently some women can climax just by thinking about sex. As a premature ejaculator of rare and epic talent, I often came close to matching this achievement during my adolescence. Alas, I inevitably required some genital stimulation, usually in the form of a brief dry hump.

But for those who still hope for the no-grope orgasm, a series of new findings should come as a shot in the arm. Literally. Researchers who were seeking to explain how patients with spinal-cord injuries are able to climax recently discovered that there might be a separate neural pathway that travels directly from the loins to the pleasure centers of the brain. Scientists have also concluded that the central nervous system controls the big O. Using new technologies, researchers are able to show which parts of the brain are activated and shut down during those ecstatic moments. Exactly what does this mean for us horndogs?

It means that it may be possible for those men and women who have a difficult time achieving orgasm to literally train their brains to reach the promised land. There is even talk of developing a device that can send electrical impulses to the precise



nerve centers that trigger a climax, à la *Demolition Man*. (It should go without saying that whoever invents such a magic wand deserves at least a dozen Nobel Prizes.)

As for us premature ejaculators, the new research doesn't offer much hope yet. Then again, our ease in reaching that elusive state of nirvana may qualify us as uniquely gifted. *On*

# Give the Girl a Hand!

*Perhaps more than any other technical area of sex, female manual sex is where most men (and women!) need an attitude adjustment. Get your head straight here and now.*

*By Em & Lo • Illustrations by Chris Hiers*

## ■ THERE'S THE RUB

Manual sex. No, it's not sex by the book. Nor is it hard labor. Manual sex is handwork: sex without genital-to-genital or oral-to-genital contact—basically, anything you can do with an appendage, whether on yourself or your partner. This includes masturbation, handjobs, and, for lack of a better word, fingering. In fact, that's why we say "manual sex"—it is a better term! After all, these three activities are sex. Purists tend to dismiss them as inferior to intercourse, something that only the inexperienced, freshly post-pubescent resort to. What a shame! Because dismissing all the wonderful things you can do with your hands results in unnecessary and unhealthy shame about masturbation, a self-imposed limitation on the kind of stimulation an adult couple can enjoy together, and often a failure for women to get the kind of stimulation they really need in order to orgasm when hooking up.

Learning how to diddle yourself or others doesn't always come naturally. Some people (okay, women mostly) think that masturbation is self-indulgent, juvenile, or plain old embarrassing—or they just don't know where to start. Same thing with handwork: Trying to pleasure your partner with your own two hands—the same set of tools that they themselves already have access to 24/7—can be incredibly intimidating. How can your inept, bumbling fingers possibly compete with their own digits, which have a direct line to the pleasure directives coming from the brain?

Even if you're an avid masturbator (good for you!), you still run the risk of falling into a rut. Once you establish a pattern of physical stimulation and response, there's an understandable tendency not to stray from it: Hey, it's the quickest route from point A to point Orgasm. But self-love shouldn't be a routine any more than intercourse should. The more you vary your masturbation routine, the more options you'll have for climaxing when you've got a helper.

And as for handwork on your partner, admit it: You have a tendency to think of it as homework, something to wrap up before the "good stuff" of genital-to-genital contact. But that's a tad selfish, no? We realize the tips of your fingers aren't exactly hot erogenous zones, and that manual sex, like oral sex, is usually a fairly one-sided endeavor in terms of physical pleasure. But that can be a good thing. Not being distracted by your own impending orgasm allows you to focus more on your partner's pleasure: what truly works for them and what doesn't. You can ask questions and learn about their sexual preferences and responses, rather than just conveniently assuming that what feels good to you during, say, intercourse, also feels good to them. Would that it were so easy.

So do your homework by doing your handwork. When working on yourself, don't rush to the finish line with your patented moves: Make it last longer, bring yourself to the brink and pull back, try new positions and techniques, experiment. When working on your love object, take the opportunity to observe how her equipment works and responds. Read the rest of this for more inspiration on hand-to-inner-thigh coordination. And revel in the knowledge that manual sex is one of the safest forms of sex there is.



anatomical and medical purposes

and the author wishes to thank the Royal Society for the grant of £1000 towards the cost of the work. He also wishes to thank the Royal Society for the grant of £1000 towards the cost of the work.

## MIND SETTING

Handwork on her should not be considered foreplay; it should be considered sex. In fact, it may often, if not always, be the main event for her. For many women, digital manipulation is far more effective than hands-free intercourse in eliciting orgasms: Think about how much more control and range of motion you have with your fingers than your penis; then consider how crucial her clitoris and perhaps her G spot are to her orgasms (way more so than her cervix at the end of your penis). So if you're holding onto any old-fashioned prejudices about orgasm via intercourse being sexual nirvana, throw them out the window! You should also get in the habit of insisting that her (first) orgasm come first. After all, her postorgasmic vaginal state is ideally suited for further stimulation: She's aroused and erect and will probably continue to experience pleasure and perhaps even more orgasms (much more easily than you can after you come). You could even try holding off on intercourse until she's climaxed—that way you'll know she's as physically ready as you are for penile penetration, and it'll probably feel better for her (and you). Another thing to burn into your brain: Manual sex on her is not something that necessarily stops during other forms of sex, whether intercourse, oral, or anal. If manual's her thing, then continuing it during these other endeavors will ensure greater pleasure and a greater chance of orgasm for her.

## PREPPING

Wash your hands, moisturize, and cut your nails. No need for metrosexual man hands; just make sure your fingers and tips will be soft and smooth against her sensitive parts. We highly recommend—actually, we insist—you use a high-quality water- or silicone-based lubricant to add to any natural wetness: It lasts longer than her own natural lube, allows for longer, more varied stimulation everywhere, and basically just feels better. (Avoid anything oil-based, which can lead to vaginal infection.)

## PROPS

Manual sex with any kind of vibrator is not cheating—it's enhancing. For some women, it may even be necessary for her orgasm, at least until she trains her body to respond to other similar, non-electronic stimuli (and you both should be working on that!). Don't think of a battery-powered prop as a replacement for your fingers or penis; think of it as an extension of them for all the moves outlined here. You're the one controlling the on/off button, the speed, the angle, and the pressure of the device. Revel in turning your sex tech-savvy. And remember that most women are fully aware of the fact that their vibrators make terrible cuddlers.

## ENCOURAGING HER ERECTION

Before you go in like gangbusters, you've gotta make sure she's aroused, engorged, and, yes, erect (though not necessarily wet with natural lube, as that is not a reliable indicator of arousal). Just as with a male erection, blood should be flowing to her genitals and everything should be expanding and puffing up. Let her lie back and focus on the pleasure—and maybe even engage in her favorite fantasy—as you stimulate any outlying erogenous zones. Lightly run your fingers through her pubic hair (if she has any) and barely tickle the entire area. Place the whole of your palm over her, from pubic bone to perineum, and apply gentle pressure as you rub. Give focused finger attention to her outer labia first, then her inner labia, and then follow the illustrations.

## COMMUNICATING

Don't ever be afraid to ask for some direction. We know, we know: Guys hate asking for directions. Get over it already. Every woman is different, and even your own partner's likes and dislikes may vary according to her mood, the time of the month, the weather,

etc., so you can't go on autopilot. Pose quick and easy questions like "harder or softer?" or "more of this ... or more of that?" That said, she's not your personal GPS, so don't expect her to give you instructions at every turn—especially if she needs to close her eyes and fantasize a little. Learn to read her moans and non-verbal cues, too: if she pulls back ("go a bit softer, please" or "not directly on the clitoris, please") or her breathing gets heavier and her inner labia and clitoris look larger and/or darker ("I could get used to this"). A note to the ladies: If you don't want to be interrupted with too many questions, then get talking and moaning!

## CLITTAGE

Clitoral massage, or "clittage" (a catchy term coined by Marcia and Lisa Douglass in their fantastic book *Are We Having Fun Yet?*), is one of the best ways to arouse her entire sexual network and eventually secure her an orgasm. Remember, the clitoral head is just the tip of her iceberg: When the clitoris is stimulated, its bulbs and legs—which extend around the urethra, urethral sponge (or G spot), and vagina—become aroused, having a knock-on effect of pleasure (you'll move on to those other areas next). Depending on your partner, she may need lots of warm-up before you make direct contact with her clitoral head, or she may prefer you to stimulate it over its hood or even over a pair of pants or jeans, or she may even need you to pull up tightly on the mons to expose the clitoral head for some hard and fast stimulation. When in doubt, ask. A good rule of thumb is to start light and slow and gradually build up pressure and pace, asking for feedback as you go. For specific techniques, see the illustrations. And remember, once you find a pattern of stimulation she enjoys, clittage may be done with other body parts besides fingers: Use your palm, knuckles, fist, wrist, leg, and even penis in similar ways (if you can resist jumping into intercourse). And think of oral sex as just another method of clittage.

## THE U SPOT

Her urethral opening is just below her clitoral head. The area around it, known as the U spot, which contains the paraurethral ducts and is analogous to the area right around the penis's urethra, is an often overlooked erogenous spot. But just as it is sensitive to touch on the penis, so is it on her. Often clittage and penetration indirectly stimulate the area (as rubbing can move it up and down quite a bit), but it may be helpful to visualize this as a potential pleasure point between her clitoral head and G spot, especially since stimulating it can help arouse the urethral sponge (aka the G spot).

## INTERNAL AFFAIRS

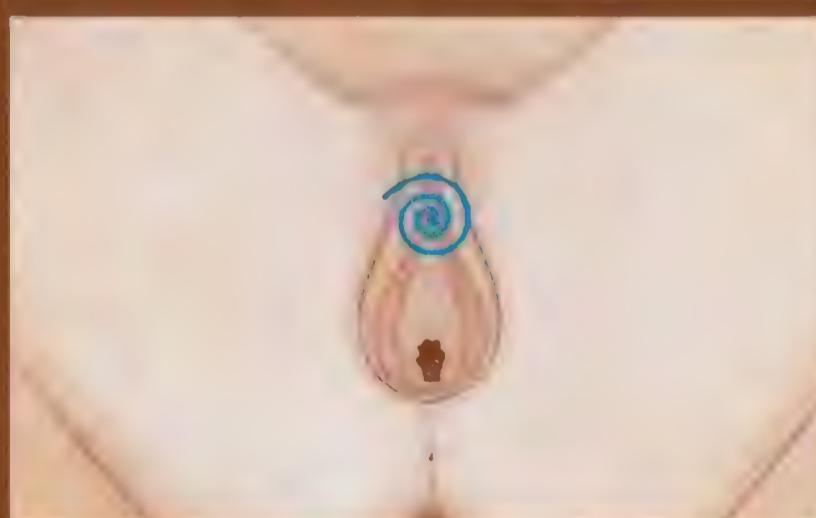
Moving from the clitoral head past the U spot, you'll get to her vaginal opening. Remember that the vagina is surrounded by the clitoral legs and bulbs, the pelvic floor muscles, and the urethral sponge (from the top side), and when she's aroused, all these structures will be engorged, causing a tightening effect on the vaginal opening. This is what makes penetration feel nice for her—and this is why the girth of a penetrator is often more important than its length. It's also why shallow penetration is often preferable to deep, cervix-poking thrusting—at least for her. That said, women's equipment varies more than the soup of the day, so once inside, you should explore thoroughly to find exactly where



**WARMING UP** Move your finger from her clitoral head down to the perineum and back. Think of this as a warm-up move, grazing the area lightly, moving moisture around, then building up pressure. Never go all the way to the anus and then back to her vagina and urethra, as this can lead to infection.



**CROSSTOWN BUS** Move your finger in a small, rapid, side-to-side movement across her clitoral head. Ask what kind of pressure she likes: Some like a light touch, while others prefer you to really press down hard. Make sure you cover the entire clitoris. If hers is small or buried, it may be difficult to position your finger right on it, so don't be afraid to search it out visually and ask for direction.



**THE SWIRL** Move your fingertip in a swirling motion around (and over) the clitoral head. The swirl should start out big enough to circle around the clitoris. In fact, you can repeat the outermost circles several times to build up tension. Or, if you're dealing with someone who doesn't like direct clitoral stimulation, keep circling around the clitoral head the whole time.

she likes pressure, stroking, or poking. Cover all the walls of her vagina, as you may find that pressing in the opposite direction of her G spot may help tighten the orgasmic network, stimulate her perineal sponge, and indirectly stimulate the nerves of her anus. Or she may enjoy having the back of her vaginal wall stimulated—this is where you'll find her A spot and cul-de-sac. During arousal, the innermost area of the vagina around the cervix actually expands, creating a pocket between the cervix and the inner back vaginal wall that can be responsive to pressure from your fingers (though probably not to thrusting from your penis). For G spot stimulation, see below.

### ■ THE G SPOT AND FEMALE EJACULATION

Continuing along her arousal curve from the vaginal opening, you'll reach the G spot. To make sure you hit it, have her lie on her back (she can pull her knees up or place a pillow under her bum for better access) and insert one or two fingers about two inches in and up, as if you were aiming behind her pubic bone. You're feeling for a rough, ridged area on the front upper wall of the vagina, about the size of a stretched-out coin. Remember, the G spot actually sits behind this wall—it's the spongy tissue that surrounds her urethra and is known as the female prostate. Since you'll be pressing on the urethra (and in the vicinity of the bladder), it's only natural that she might feel like she has to pee when you do this. If she urinates beforehand, then she'll know she can ignore this feeling, and you can keep on G spotting. Once there, curve your fingers in a "come hither" gesture and massage firmly and steadily. Some women find this sensation downright uncomfortable and can't get past the resulting "urge to purge." But others actually require this kind of stimulation for orgasm, or even ejaculate as a result of it.

If she should fall into this last category, here's what's happening (and it's a good thing, by the way): Upon arousal, the glands and ducts embedded in the urethral sponge fill with fluid (not urine), which may be expelled through the urethra and the paraurethral ducts during stimulation or orgasm or when she contracts her pelvic-floor muscles—in other words, ejaculation could occur before, during, or after orgasm. Some women may spurt, some may release a flood of fluid, and some may emit just a few drops of ejaculate, making it almost impossible to detect. This is another kind of pleasure for her, but not one that should be pursued like the holy grail. The fountain-like squirting you see in porn is not universally attainable—and in some cases, may not even be real.

### ■ THE BACKDOOR

Considering that her pelvic-floor muscles wrap around her nerve-rich anus, too, perineal and anal stimulation can be another carriage on her genital train. To avoid infection, keep any fingers, appendages, or toys that have stimulated her anal area (either externally or internally) away from her vagina, urethra, and clitoris.

### ■ THE HAPPY ENDING

Now that we've reviewed all the parts, you can pull them together to create one orgasmic whole. She may not like all of the above areas stimulated, but some combination will usually do the trick. When it comes to the homestretch, remember: continual, steady stimulation. With your new attitude and approach, her elusive orgasm should run out of places to hide. OH—



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# sexy lexxi

**She might be a laid-back Oregon girl at heart, but 25-year-old Lexxi Tyler knows how to work the camera like a true L.A. doll.**

**Photographs by Alan Eigen**





"People sometimes say I look like a Barbie doll—a tall, blonde, big-titted California girl. But I'm very down-to-earth. I like to go out and party, but I also love pizza and a movie."





"I love spending money.  
I buy shit even if I don't need it.  
And I'm addicted to shoes.  
If I could walk around in nothing  
but high heels and handbags,  
I would be happy."







"I have a thing for fucking on a balcony where people can see me. I've done it so many times—at parties, at people's houses, at hotels. If there's a balcony, I seize the opportunity."

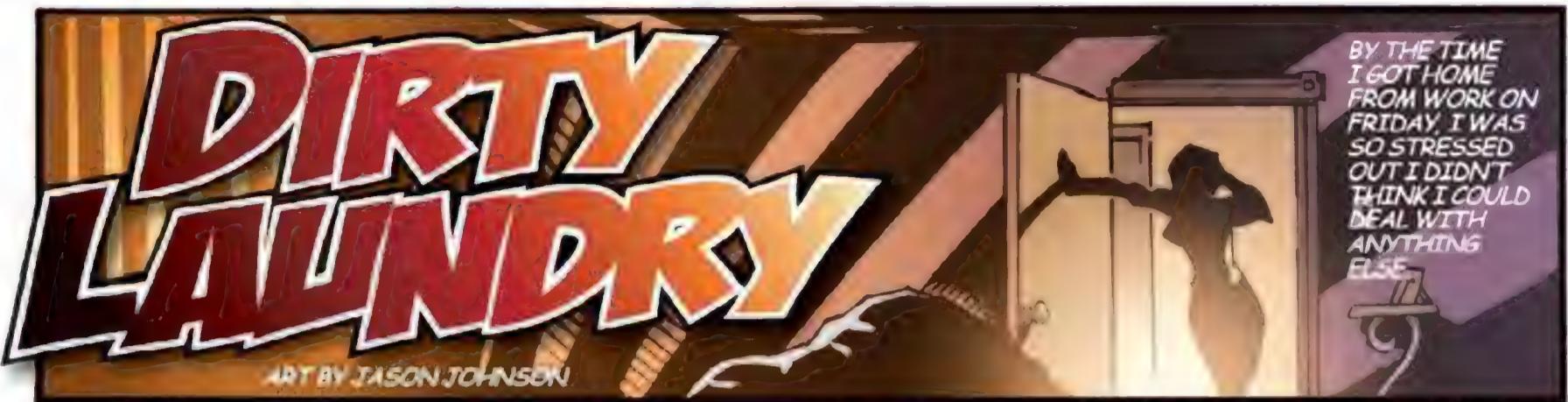






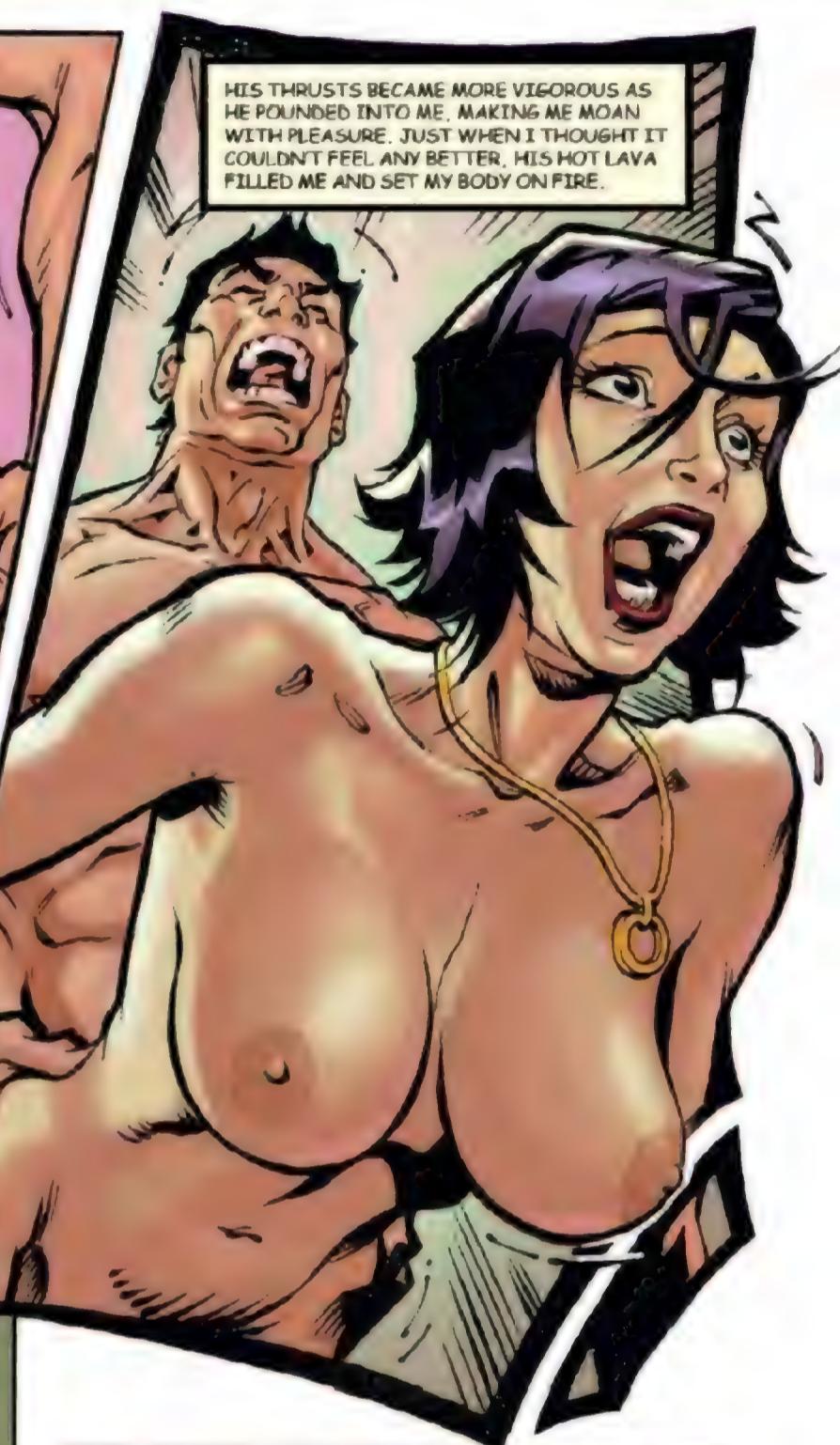
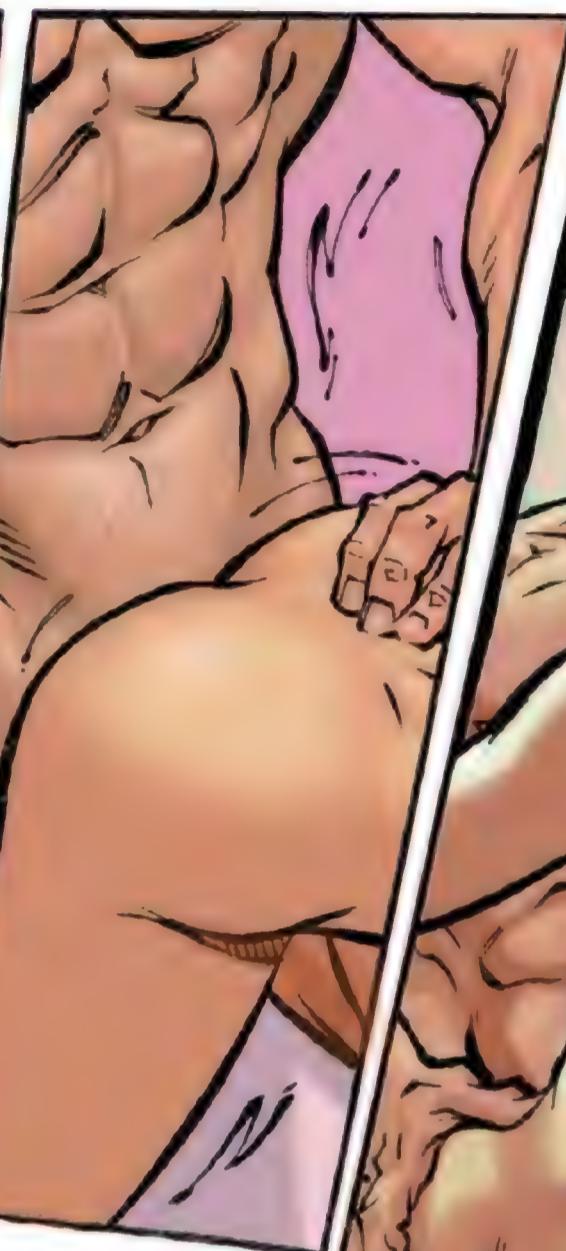
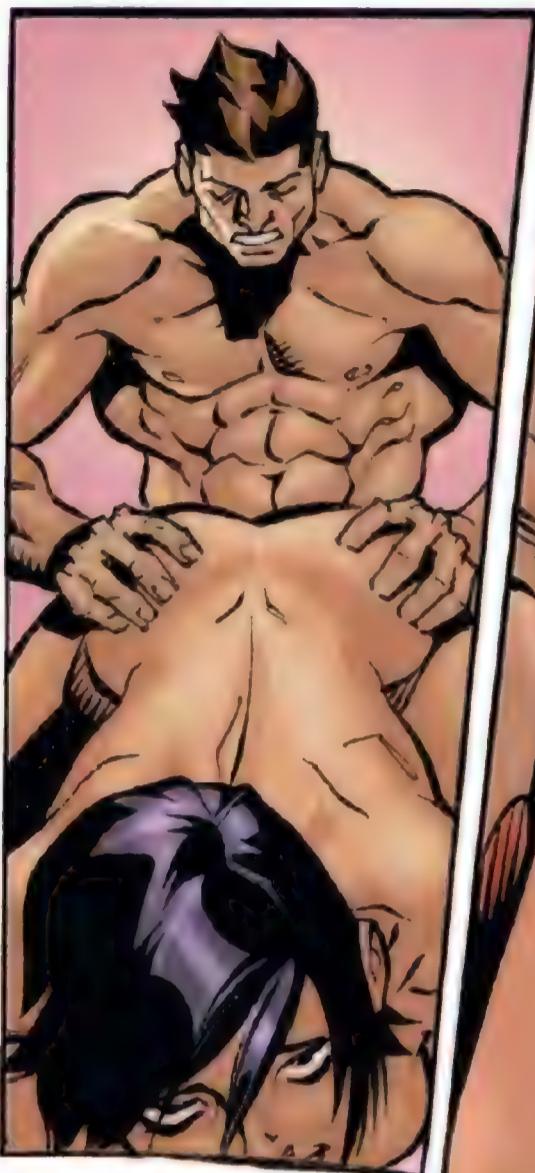
"I love my job. I love being a sex symbol, and I love the fact that men and women jerk off to me. If I won a million dollars, I'd travel and live it up for a year—then get back to work."

WE'RE LOOKING FOR THE HOTTEST GIRLS IN AMERICA. GO TO [PENTHOUSEMODELS.COM](http://PENTHOUSEMODELS.COM). SEE MORE OF LEXXI AT [PENTHOUSE.COM/LEXXITYLER](http://PENTHOUSE.COM/LEXXITYLER).











## ALL THIS AND MORE

### Variations

#### *Slave for a Night*

These tales of being a slave to lust cover almost every twist on the fantasy, from homebound slut to willing sex toy and everything in between. Christa Moore—an adorable blonde with almost perfect tits and the cutest feet you'll ever see—is a Southern belle who never leaves the farm. She's got Lee Stone to keep her happy, and he's happy, too, whether she's on her knees blowing his rod or straddling his cock in reverse cowgirl. August Pet Jessica Jaymes has a smoker of a scene with Nick Manning, whose long bout of cocktraining makes her an expert in pleasing him. Then he learns a lesson by licking her pierced clit before giving her the kind of fucking that's become his trademark. Plus, the curvy Chinese Latina Eva Angelina is a dutiful wife who bangs the cable man while hubby watches. Her smoky voice and balls-out sex style explain her huge fan base. This disc proves that sometimes being a slave isn't a fantasy—it's a dream come true.

Top: Eva Angelina and Alan Stafford. Right: Jessica Jaymes and Nikki Benz





## DANCE PARTY

Penthouse  
Foxtrot

When a crafty real estate agent (Lindsey Meadows) needs three sisters to sign over the mansion they've just inherited, she hires a studly legal eagle (Steven St. Croix) to track them down. St. Croix dots the i's, crosses the t's, then seals the deal when he plows Meadows's fields right on the building's front step. The girls, we soon learn, are all dancers. This setup sets up a fine exchange between a classical ballet student (Veronica Jett) and Katarina Kat, an exceedingly nimble former real-life ballerina who puts her flexibility to good use—especially when Jett is doing the tonsil tango over her twat. Sister No. 2, Vegas showgirl (and HBO hottie) Katie Morgan, gets physical with Charles Dera in her dressing room after a set. Morgan is one of the disc's highlights, as she takes Dera down her throat as easily as she takes his load on her belly. And Brooke Belle is dynamite as the stripper/black sheep who bangs Niko. Her go-go act ends up including tit-fucking, cocksucking, and plenty of reaming. It'll get your toes—and other body parts—tapping.



## LADIES OF THE HOUSE

Forum  
*Housewives Hunting Housewives*

The premise is simple: When the cat's away, the pussy will play. Penthouse Pets Daisy Marie and Alektra Blue get their dyke on in separate but equally arousing scenes. Daisy picks up Ryder Skye in a Laundromat and wastes no time munching her fluff and lapping her folds; Daisy's more sexually aggressive here than usual, but seems right at home taking control of the noticeably grateful Ryder. By the time they're done with their vibrator play and finger-fucking, the sheets need to be washed again. In a steamy shower scene, Alektra plays the predatory tennis pro with tongue firmly in cheek—when it's not lodged in Angie Savage's twat. In a pleasant surprise, Slovakian slattern Claudia Rossi turns up the heat with some unexpected eroticism when she refuses Amy Ried's advances in a kitchen, but it's not long before they go from frosting cupcakes to slathering each other in girl glaze. My bet is that you'll spill some batter by the end, too.

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Top left: Katarina Kat.  
Top right: Amy Ried and Claudia Rossi



# breast of friends

Amy and Charley are trying to get ready for a party, but they're frustrated to distraction by what's hidden beneath each other's new lingerie. Fortunately for them—and their dates—the ladies don't mind an audience.

Photographs by Misha







Things heat up as soon as Charley releases Amy's ample breasts from their silken restraint and glides her tongue against Amy's hard nipples.



Charley presses her luscious lips to Amy's sun-kissed skin, exploring the depths of her body, lapping at her sweetness, and making her quiver with delight.









When Amy gets Charley beneath her, she caresses her pink folds, sending shockwaves of pleasure through Charley's body and making her cry out in pleasure.



Charley opens herself completely to Amy's oral ministrations, grabbing her again and holding her against her sex. At this rate, they'll never finish getting dressed, but when they invite the guys to join them, it's clear that the party has long been forgotten.

WE'RE LOOKING FOR THE HOTTEST GIRLS IN AMERICA. GO TO [PENTHOUSEMODELS.COM](http://PENTHOUSEMODELS.COM). SEE MORE OF AMY AND CHARLEY AT [PENTHOUSE.COM/AMYANDCHARLEY](http://PENTHOUSE.COM/AMYANDCHARLEY).





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To score, avoid conventional pickup locales and hang out at places where women really spend their free time. Such meetings are more conducive to finding girls precisely because they are *not* hookup haunts. Not only are women more relaxed, at ease, and willing to talk in such places, but the natural settings make for easier conversational openings than the bar and club scenes, where most women suspect every guy is a wolf. Indeed, you'll have a better shot at getting a beautiful babe naked in your arms by buying her a Frappuccino or talking about clothes in a store than by paying a hefty cover charge at a club.

#### ■ COFFEEHOUSES

One of the best places to meet women is your neighborhood coffee shop. In fact, recent surveys of online dating services say that the coffee shop is the favorite meeting place for the vast majority of women, as it's casual, comfortable, and safe. It's also a pretty inexpensive way to spend time getting to know someone. In addition, you have a relaxed environment in which to sip your beverage while sizing up the unattached females and planning your approach, and the atmosphere provides easy ways to start a chat. For example, you might ask her opinion about the various drink options or make a joke about some of the crazy names for the java concoctions. Once you have her laughing, you're halfway home.

#### ■ GYMS OR FITNESS CLASSES

These are great places to pick up hot chicks while working on buffing your physique. Exercise triggers the release of testosterone, the "horny hormone" responsible for sexual thought in men and women—so chances are she will have sex on her mind after a great workout. Pick female-oriented classes, such as yoga, Pilates, belly dancing, and

# Perfect Pickups

Forget noisy clubs and boozy bars! You're much better off meeting women in their natural habitats. Here are some of the best locales and approaches for finding quality dates.

By Victoria Zdrok, Ph.D.

aerobics, to reduce competition for hottie attention. Being the only male in a belly-dancing class is guaranteed to give you your choice of chicks. Plus, gym or workout outfits give you a chance to size up a woman's body without offending her. And you can immediately gain her interest by mirroring her fitness efforts. For example, if you are looking to firm up your abs, pick out a woman working on the same machine and ask her opinion on how well the device works. Sharing a common interest in a fitness goal is a surefire way to develop a rapport that can lead to better things, like a hot workout in your bedroom!

## ■ SELF-IMPROVEMENT CLASSES

It's always a smart strategy to pick a self-improvement hobby that is frequented by the opposite sex. Classes in arts and crafts, cooking, piano, astrology, foreign languages, and theater will all yield good candidates. For those looking for more sensation-seeking, speed-loving women, kill two birds with one stone and work off those speeding tickets by attending traffic school. Indeed, if you list the qualities you look for in a woman, you'll probably be able to come up with a class that would appeal to a woman like that. Furthermore, the shared interest will not only provide great conversation starters, but will promote mutual affinity, which gets any woman hooked. You can comment on the environment, joke about your skills, or ask for her advice. In a cooking class, for example, try, "Everyone here seems to be quite a chef! Am I the only one with zero experience in the culinary arts? Do you mind showing me how you got that dough to obey your will?" And the natural conclusion to that successful introduction is an invitation to demonstrate your cooking skills back at your place.

## ■ BEAUTY SALONS

Almost all women are vain and concerned about their appearance. Instead of complaining about this, capitalize on it. Get your haircuts—as well as regular manicures and

pedicures—at a women's salon. Cast antiquated macho notions aside. Today's women appreciate men with smooth, buffed nails. Chat up the manicurist or hairdresser, as they usually know which of their regulars are single and looking. Indeed, women often tell their hairdressers more about their sex lives than you would ever imagine, so you can glean a world of intelligence about your quarry while sitting in the same chair. For the best approach to your beauty queen, give her a compliment ("That hairstyle really looks great on you") or tell her a funny story ("I see you just got your waxing. Let me tell you about the time my buddy decided to wax his chest himself").



## ■ SHOPS AND BOUTIQUES

Every woman I know spends a significant amount of time in malls. So should you! Concentrate on trendy clothing and shoe stores, as the women who work and shop there are likely to be first-rate. Shops are valuable for another reason: You can tailor your targets by their shopping habits. Do you dig cute, petite types? There are stores with special departments for petites, where every woman will fit your taste. Plus, the shared shopping experience is a guaranteed conversation starter: "Could you help me pick a birthday present for my sis/coworker?" "What do you think of this scarf?" "You'd look

great in a potato sack, but that outfit is definitely hot on you."

## ■ TRADE SHOWS

Conventions—from consumer electronics to liquor, cigar, or car shows—are full of models hired to draw attention to the companies' booths. If you have a professional opportunity to attend trade shows, by all means do so. If you work for a company that participates in the trade shows, suggest they book models for your booth to draw attention to your company. Otherwise, if the public is invited to view the products, spend some time there. Those spokesmodels are being paid to meet and talk to prospective customers, so you are guaranteed an opportunity to converse and gain her attention. Make sure she knows you are interested in her—and not the widgets she is selling—by giving her compliments ("You are doing such a great job

Workout outfits give you a chance to size up a woman's body without offending her.

attracting customers to this booth that I'll tell them they should give you a bonus") or inviting her participation in your activities ("I'm telling my boss to hire you for our next convention"). Remember, too, that she may be required to stand there for hours at a time babbling endlessly about the products. Offering to get her a drink or something to eat, or giving her a break from the sales pitch, may be just the thing that wins her gratitude and gets you to the next step: a post-convention date or even a private modeling session in your room.

## ■ CHARITY WORK

On almost every poll, "kindness" is listed in the top five traits that women look for in a man, so proving you have this quality is a surefire way to have your choice of chicks. You can raise your philanthropist and bedroom scores by becoming a volunteer at an animal or homeless shelter, a hospice, or any charity. Moreover, the women who work in such places are naturally giving, caring, and friendly—to even the scruffiest of men. It doesn't hurt to have a good sob story handy, about the times you were down on your luck and now want to give back to the community. Otherwise, just your demonstration of sympathy for others is sure to invoke warm feelings from your target coworker.

## ■ SUPPORT GROUPS

Whether it be Alcoholics Anonymous, Shopaholics Anonymous, or a sexual-addiction support group, group therapy is one of the best ways to instantly create rapport. Misery loves company, and relapsing together alleviates guilt and shame. Hand-holding is part of the therapeutic meetings, which makes it easy to get physical fast. While I hope that most of you don't need such therapy, if you do, use it to your advantage. Pick a group with some good-looking women and ask one to help you: "I really need a friend to get through this difficult time. Would you be my sponsor?" For almost all addictions, a loving relationship helps cure it, so you can change your life for the better with the right therapy pickup line.

# ASK DR. Z

### POOR LITTLE RICH BOY

*I am only 24 years old, but I already feel jaded, bored, and burned out on babes. I've probably had more than 100 sexual partners since my first encounter at a tender age with my piano teacher. Then there was my tennis instructor, my camp counselor, and numerous others. My dad had a fatal heart attack when I was 16, leaving me a nice trust fund. My mother soon remarried and had more children, and I was pretty much on my own. I began to frequent strip clubs before I was legal by bribing the bouncers, then paid the dancers to give me blowjobs in the back room. After a few years, I grew bored of it. I started hiring expensive hookers and having orgies with prostitutes. I managed to have a few short-lived relationships with a couple of models and actresses, but they never lasted. Either I would quickly grow bored and could not get it up after a few weeks or they would find out that I was also continuing to pay for sex on the side. How do I find a woman who will keep me sexually interested? It seems that most hotties want only money and drugs.*

Poor kid! You've been used sexually from an early age, and although sexual contact was enjoyable to you, it was still exploitative because you were just a kid. You learned the mechanics of sex without grasping its purpose as a vehicle for human connection. What you fail to understand is that sex is a lot more than coupling bodies, and unless your minds are also touching, sex quickly becomes meaningless. You need to stop going through the motions of sex and learn to connect to women. First of all, stop paying for sex and start dating—as in meeting and talking to ordinary women. Make a list of your positive attributes—you must have some—things that women would like about you besides your money, and then find women who like you for those qualities. Go after the women who are hard to seduce and see if you can woo them. You will quickly discover how much more rewarding things are—and that includes sex—when you have to work hard to get them.

### WIFE-WATCHING WOES

*My wife and I have been married for ten years. Our sex life went downhill after the birth of our son, and I was spending a lot of time masturbating to online porn. My wife pretended to be uninterested in sex until I caught her cheating on me a year ago with our son's football coach. Needless to say, it was a terribly traumatic and embarrassing experience. We ended up moving, and I forgave my wife after she shed many tears. Anyway, it's all behind us, and I hardly ever think about her infidelity, except when I'm masturbating—when the image of her lover fucking her invariably pops into my head. Why is this so arousing to me, and how can I get this image out of my mind?*

You have conflicted feelings about your wife's infidelity because when you saw her with another man, you experienced a number of mixed emotions: shock, disgust, anger, pain, and probably sexual arousal (although you might not have realized it at the time). Negative emotions can sometimes serve as unexpected aphrodisiacs, adding dynamism and drama to your turn-ons. Knowing that your woman is still sexually desirable and sought after by other men—yet getting her back after she is done having fun—is also an erotic thought to many men. And to reassure you, getting turned on by the thought of your wife with another man does not make you gay. Straight men are often turned on when they see a hot woman with a penis inside her, even if it's another man's. In your case, your wife's infidelity may have actually reignited the spark of your desire for her—she is back in your fantasies and back in your bed. Stop fantasizing about your wife while you masturbate and give her a good, hard fuck on a regular basis!

GETTING TO ME! IF YOU HAVE A QUESTION, A STORY, A SEX TOY FOR ME, OR JUST A (NICE) COMMENT, PLEASE VISIT [PENTHOUSE.COM/DRZ](http://PENTHOUSE.COM/DRZ), E-MAIL ME AT [VICTORIA@PENTHOUSE.COM](mailto:VICTORIA@PENTHOUSE.COM), OR SEND SNAIL MAIL TO DR. VICTORIA ZDROK, PENTHOUSE, 2 PENN PLAZA, SUITE 1125, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10121

## CATNIP

A few months ago, I was in Dallas for a business seminar. After day one, a group of us who were staying at the same hotel got together in the evening for drinks. Most of us were in our late thirties or early forties. The youngest, Dylan, was a 26-year-old Latino and the object of every female's private fantasy. Women of all ages prowled and stared at him wherever he went. He was sinfully handsome and had an amazingly muscular build.

By 11 P.M., Dylan and I were the only ones left in the bar from the group. Dylan knew I was divorced, and asked if I was seeing anyone. When I said I hadn't dated anyone since the divorce, he said it was unhealthy for a beautiful woman like me to not have a man. It took me a minute to realize he was hitting on me.

"Dylan, do you know how old I am?" I asked, as he stared into my eyes.

"All I see is a beautiful woman I want to make love to," he said.

I was speechless for a moment, until I felt my panties getting wet.

"So you're telling me you have a hard-on for me?" I asked, not wanting there to be any misunderstanding. I just couldn't believe this was happening. Was I now a cougar? If I was, it was only because Dylan was like some kind of exotic catnip.

"I have the biggest hard-on for you," Dylan said with a big smile.

"I'll be the judge of that," I purred, as my body burned with anticipation.

As soon as we were in Dylan's room, he took his time undressing me. I was nervous and excited at the same time. A million thoughts were racing through my mind when he said, "Helena, stop thinking so much."

Then he undressed, pulled me into his arms, and pressed his lips to mine. Feeling his chest against my breasts made my nipples hard, and his huge bulge pressed against my belly made me moan and move against him. But Dylan wouldn't be rushed. He knelt down, kissing and licking my body until he was level with my pussy. Then he pressed his nose to me and told me how heavenly I smelled. With my hands in his hair, I pulled him tight to my mound and felt his tongue snake between my folds, alternately lapping and stabbing at my clit. Oral wasn't my husband's thing, so I'd rarely had



an orgasm with him, but Dylan had me climaxing within minutes.

"Oh, Dylan! I'm coming," I cried, pressing his face between my legs. Then my knees buckled. If Dylan hadn't been holding me up, I would have collapsed on the floor.

Dylan picked me up and carried

me to the bed, kissing me the entire time. His lips moved to my breasts as his fingers found their way between my legs, then deep inside my pussy. Dylan finger-fucked me and sucked on my aching nipples before lying on top of me and pressing his long, thick cock into me.

"Fuck me, Dylan! Fuck me!" I screamed, securing my legs around his back as he stroked hard and deep

With my hands in his hair, I pulled him tight to my mound and felt his tongue snake between my folds.

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into my pussy. He continued, steadily pumping in and out until another orgasm rolled through me.

Still hard as a rock, Dylan went down on me again, sucking my clit while fingering me. When I felt one of his wet fingers entering my backdoor, it filled me with a desire for something bigger. I told Dylan to fuck my ass. He turned me over and pulled me to my knees. First, he put his cock inside my pussy for lubrication, then gently pressed into my ass, filling me to the max. He moved slowly at first, checking to make sure I was enjoying it. I was, but I needed to come.

"Harder, Dylan! Fuck my ass!" I cried, thrusting back against him, setting the pace. With those orders, Dylan began pounding me from behind. I was almost there and reached down to rub my clit. Then I felt it coming—the pressure built to the boiling point. I cried out as my muscles clenched around his cock. Dylan came too, groaning and filling my tight ass with loads of cream.

We took a quick shower, then got back in bed and fucked for hours until we collapsed. When I awoke the next morning, still in his arms, I felt alive for the first time in years.

For the next two days, Dylan and I got together during lunch breaks and at night. After the seminar, we went our separate ways, but I'm into sex now more than ever, and I have Dylan to thank for that.—H.E., Minnesota

## THREE-WAY AGENDA

Candice and I have been sexually exploring different avenues since we married five years ago. She has experienced orgies, given two-guy handjobs and blowjobs, and had girl-on-girl sex—and that was *before* we hooked up. I never knew what was next on her agenda.

Recently, when we stayed at a resort in Mexico, we met Sam, who was there alone—his girlfriend had to return a day early. Sam was a cool guy, fun to talk to, and Candice liked him a lot. During lunch, she asked him if he missed his girlfriend, and he said he missed her and the nonstop sex they'd been having. Candice placed her hand on Sam's knee and said, "No one should have to do without sex. I can take care of that."

When Sam was sure we were serious, we told him to come to our



room in an hour. That gave Candice and me some time to discuss the rules: Sam would definitely get a handjob, possibly a blowjob, but only with a condom. As to whether or not she actually wanted to screw him, I'd follow her lead. Whatever she decided, I'd be okay with it.

Sam arrived in exactly one hour. We wasted no time sandwiching Candice between us, as our lips and hands roamed over her body. After we'd slowly stripped off her clothes, she undressed us, licked our nipples, and stroked our cocks. When things got too hot and heavy, we moved to the bed, where Candice had Sam lay on his back while she straddled his legs. She stroked his dick while he played with her tits and I nibbled her neck. She stopped moaning and squirming long enough to ask me to

pass her a condom. I did and watched as she used her mouth to roll it down his shaft. I never tire of seeing her do that trick. Then she knelt between his legs and started giving him an aggressive blowjob. I reached under her to rub her pussy and found she was quite wet. I alternated between rubbing her clit and slipping a finger in and out of her juicy cunt. Sam was moaning, asking her to take more of his dick. Suddenly Candice stopped sucking and looked at me.

"Do you want to do him?" I asked. She nodded, and as soon as I told her to go ahead, she was on him in a heartbeat, jamming his cock into her cunt. She took off on a wild ride at varying speeds until Sam placed her on her back and really drilled her while I sucked on her tits. Candice had had several orgasms by this point. Her skin was flushed and she was out of breath, but she wanted more. She wanted to suck Sam's cock again and fuck me, so when she moved between his legs, I fucked her from behind. Sam

We wasted no time sandwiching Candice between us, as our lips and hands roamed over her body.

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came first, and I quickly followed.

Then Candice collapsed between us, enjoying our lazy caresses until Sam got up to leave. He thanked us for an unbelievable send-off and gave Candice a passionate good-bye kiss.

After Sam left, Candice and I talked about repeating the three-way, but with a woman. Just talking about the possibility led to more crazy sex, and we agreed to check the personals when we got home.—P.G., Iowa

### HARD TO GET

I've always been attracted to beautiful women with big tits, so being friends with Carrie was an incredibly frustrating experience for me. She's super hot with a great body, and she's cool to hang out and do shots with. Carrie sports several tattoos and a pierced tongue, which has proven great for sex!

I'd been with a few women since college, but I was completely baffled as to why Carrie was playing so fucking hard to get. She really seemed to get off on teasing and flirting with me, which made me even more determined to get her into bed. We'd meet at a bar every couple of weeks and do shots while she made a big show of kissing and touching me, especially if there were men ogling us. It was fun because Carrie was a great kisser and guys would trip over themselves to buy us drinks. But then she'd drive me home, give me a good-night kiss with lots of tongue, and drive off, leaving me to masturbate because I was so hot and horny.

This madness went on for a couple of months, until one night when Carrie gave me a ride home and came in. My heart was pounding so hard I thought it was going to burst. I put on some music and we fondled and kissed each other until I was certain she wasn't going to leave me to service myself again. We started undressing each other, and when our eyes met, I saw her hunger and knew she wanted me as much as I wanted her.

We were down to our bras and panties when we began kissing again. I pulled her into the bedroom. When she unhooked my bra and tongued my rock-hard nipples, I moaned and pushed my breasts toward her lips. I knew Carrie was just as keyed up as I was when I felt between her legs—her panties were sopping wet!



After we pulled off our bottoms, she kissed my stomach and licked my belly button on her way down to my shaved pussy. I couldn't believe we were finally doing what I'd wanted to do for months. Carrie had me writhing and arching my back. She kept murmuring about how good I tasted and I began to wonder which one of us was having the better time. She wielded that pierced tongue of hers like a lethal weapon. My body was covered in sweat, and I needed to orgasm badly. Then she focused on my clit and had me coming again and again. I was amazed at her skill!

I really wanted to make her want to hook up with me again, so I told her to let me know when she was ready for the next round. When she did, I rolled her over and gave her a pillow to place under her hips. Then, spreading open her pussy lips, I flicked my tongue against her clit. She clutched the

pillow and tried to push back against my tongue. With a little more teasing, I had her begging me to make her come. That's when I began thrusting my pierced tongue inside her—hard and fast. Her moaning grew louder until she began screaming, "Oh, God! Please, don't stop!" and shaking uncontrollably. She slowly started coming down from her orgasm and let out a deep sigh. Then she gave me a long kiss and a sexy smile.

After that night, I never had to worry if Carrie was going to leave me high and dry. Now we hook up all the time!—E.K., Wisconsin

### STRIPPER TO GO

A few months ago, my girlfriend surprised me by taking me to a strip club for my birthday. I'd told her about the wild time I'd had at a friend's bachelor party, and she seemed genuinely interested in everything that happened. I didn't realize she had a personal interest in going.

Megan had never been to a strip

**Carrie had me writhing and arching my back. She wielded that pierced tongue like a weapon.**

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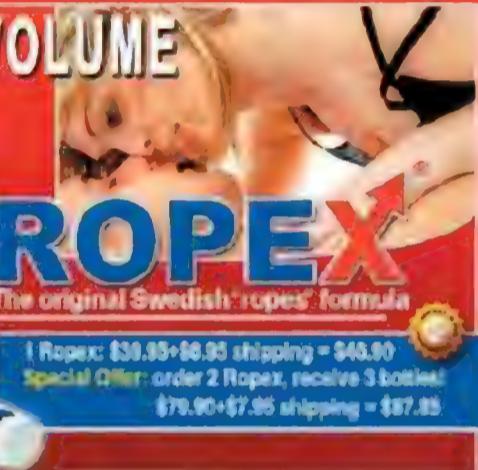


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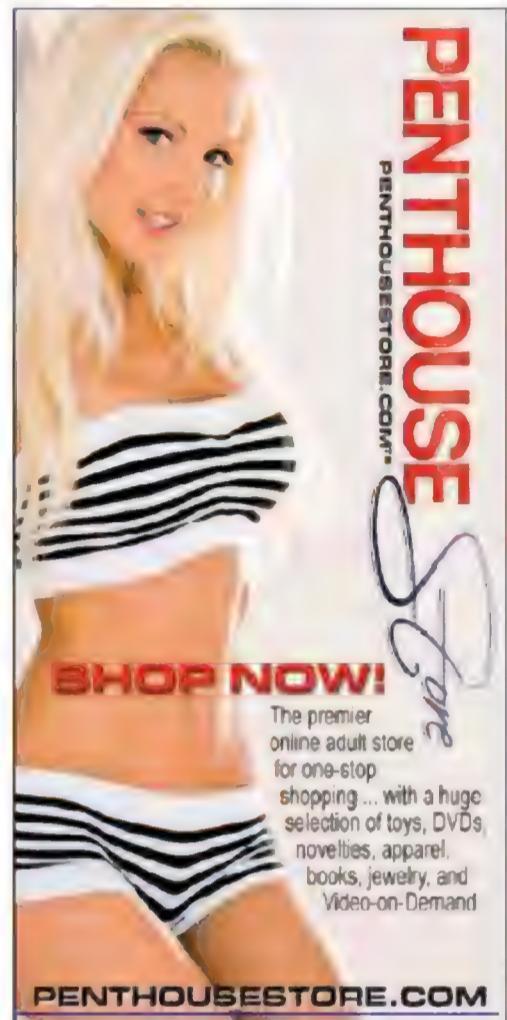
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club before, but she'd done her research. On the night of my birthday, we drove up to a place I'd only heard about from the guys. It was expensive and only a few of my friends had been able to afford it. Megan handed the car keys to the valet and promised me a birthday I'd never forget.

We were seated close to the stage and Megan ordered drinks. When they came, we settled back to watch the dancers. All the women looked to be around our age—in their twenties—and were beautiful, but we both agreed that one dancer stood out above all the others. Megan seemed especially interested in her, and when the waitress passed by again, she asked about her. The dancer's name was Kyra, and according to the waitress, she was everyone's favorite.

When the music stopped, the waitress spoke with Kyra, who then smiled as she came to our table.

"Hi. I'm Kyra. Did someone order a couple of lap dances?" she asked.

I looked at Megan, who shot me a wicked smile and said, "And now for surprise No. 2!"

Talk about shock and awe! Even as we made our way to the champagne room, I still couldn't believe what

was happening. Then Kyra asked which one of us was celebrating a birthday. Megan told Kyra to give me the first dance. This was the last thing I ever expected to be doing with my girlfriend, but the real treat would be seeing Megan get one. I was almost willing to take a pass on mine and just let Kyra do Megan—but not quite!

Now, I've had lap dances before, but none of the women were as gorgeous as Kyra, nor did any have her grace. Feeling her move against me was one thing—watching her with Megan would be something else. I couldn't wait to see them together. And she didn't disappoint. She gave Megan the full treatment and I got the show of a lifetime. Kyra rubbed her luscious ass and bountiful breasts all over Megan in fluid, sensual movements. And Megan was enjoying every minute of it. Her nipples looked as if they wanted to pop through

Kyra rubbed her luscious ass and bountiful breasts all over Megan in fluid, sensual movements.

her blouse. They were whispering to each other, but I couldn't hear what they were saying and really didn't care—just watching them was almost enough to make me come on the spot.

When the dance was over, they were both looking at me as if I were some exotic meal. That's when I found out what the final surprise was going to be: Kyra had agreed to have a three-way with us. This just couldn't get any better. I was so horny from watching the two of them, I was ready to fuck both of them right then and there—the hell with the club rules. But Megan came over, sat on my lap, gave me a deep kiss, then told me that Kyra had one more set to do before closing, but that we could have the room to ourselves until she finished up.

So, was this the best birthday gift ever? Absolutely, especially when Kyra told us to lock the door and she'd make sure we weren't interrupted. I didn't ask how much Megan spent that night, but it was totally worth it. We had hot sex in the back room of a strip club, and that was just the beginning. When the club closed, we all went to Kyra's place to continue the party. But that story is even hotter than what happened at the club and

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merits a separate letter, so you'll read about it soon.—T.M., North Carolina

### FLINGS AND THINGS

I think about fucking a lot—maybe too much. I think about doing it with lots of guys in different positions and places. And I love the thought of bouncing up and down on a thick, hard cock. I could spend hours imagining some guy's big dick thrusting in and out of me, completely filling me. That's why I don't have a regular boyfriend—I have a stable.

Alex is my in-house lover. I literally ran into him at an intersection. We both waited for the other to go, then took off at the same time. There was no major damage to either car, but the attraction between us was immediate. We exchanged info and he offered to pay for the damage, but my gaze kept returning to the front of his pants. Despite the slightly loose fit, it was obvious to me that he was well hung.

Since Alex had offered to pick up the minor cost for repair, I offered to take him to dinner. Well, one thing led to another—actually, I made sure it did—and I fucked him that night. And he didn't disappoint. Alex's cock was even larger than I imagined. I found it hard to deep-throat him, but we fucked all night long and now we see each other a few times a week. It drives me crazy when I think about him fucking me doggie-style with his huge dick while he squeezes my tits with his big hands, or pulls me back against his pelvis to meet his thrusts. And when he gave me a few light slaps on my ass between thrusts, it was such a rush. He did it just right—not too hard, not too soft—and I didn't even have to ask!

One night after fucking me, he pulled out and asked me to suck his cock so I could taste myself on him. I wasn't sure I could handle his size, but since I love cock I considered him a challenge. I let my tongue glide along the bottom of his shaft, tasting us both when I did. He filled my mouth with his cock and I sucked gently, applying pressure with my tongue until he could no longer manage the pleasure. Pre-come trickled down my throat as his hands tangled in my hair, guiding my motions, moving faster with each stroke. He warned me when he was ready to shoot his load in case I wanted to back off, but I held on until

he rewarded me with a warm load of come. I thought it would never end. What a blast!

Then there's Nicky, who's good for a quickie on the fly. We met at a party, danced a little, then danced a lot when the songs slowed down. When I felt his thick hard-on against my belly, my pussy started to throb. I wanted him and it felt like he wanted me. We got even closer and started kissing.

When the music sped up again, Nicky led me downstairs to the bathroom. As he lifted me onto the vanity, I ran my hands under his shirt and helped him out of it. I unbuttoned my blouse, then he slipped off my skirt and stockings. I hardly ever wear panties anymore—they just get in the way. I unzipped his pants. His cock was hard and ready. I scooted to the edge of the vanity, wrapped my arms around his neck and my legs around

As he pumped into me, I slid back and forth on the desk and raised my hips to take him in deeper.

his waist, pulling us skin to skin. Just when he'd slid into me, someone knocked on the door. We looked at each other and laughed. Then I held him tight and told him to keep going. He began thrusting in earnest, holding me tightly for support. We were so worked up it didn't take long to climax. Still laughing, we got dressed, opened the door, and smiled as we passed a guy waiting outside.

About a month later, I ran into Nicky at a club and it was *déjà vu*. We try to hook up whenever and wherever we can. And it's great, because I don't question his business, and he doesn't ask about mine.

There's also Rick, who has a car and satisfies my need to have sex in different zip codes. I can pretty much count on him meeting me at the movies, in a motel, or at my office.

One Friday, I called him and told him to meet me at work. It was late and I was the only one left on the floor. I pulled Rick into my office and started to take off my clothes. As soon as we were naked he was all over me. I'd already cleared my desk and he pushed me on it. I let him lick my



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pussy for a bit, but I'd been thinking about a good hard fucking all day and needed his cock inside me.

Rick's one of those guys who can fuck long and hard. I can have several orgasms with him before he's through. He'll pickup the pace and push me over the edge, then slow it down and build me up again. His ability to go above and beyond was exactly what I needed after a long grueling week.

I kissed him hard and told him to fuck me. Rick shoved his cock deep inside me in one thrust. As he pumped into me, I slid back and forth on the desk's surface. I grabbed his ass to steady myself and raised my hips to take him in deeper. It felt so good to be screwed with such intensity.

When he made me come, he had me bend over the desk so he could take me from behind. We went on like that, moving from position to position, until he finally came with a deep groan.

So far I've been happy with my current arrangements, but I'm always on the lookout for new talent.

—Name and address withheld



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Every October we start thinking of cool yet hot costumes for Halloween. Our Pets, on the other hand, as always, are undressing for the occasion. We're sure the sultry Justene Jaro, our Pet of the Month, has whetted your appetite. In addition, of course, we've got your double helping of girl-on-girl sets. One of our favorite models, Brea Bennett (June 2006 and June 2008),

gets caught in flagrante delicto with Nicole Graves (September 2007). And we're pleased to pique your interest with this shot of Isabella Sky and Dani Jensen in their *Penthouse* debut. Again, as always, this is just the beginning of what's in store. 

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